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MISS ELLALINE TERRISS IN "MY GIRL," AT THE GAIETY

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

This is the season when London, like an ancient beauty, carefully repairs her charms. Decayed wood pavement is scooped out and replaced; the town is melodious with the intonations of hammers; you pick your way carefully in the thoroughfares lest some of the old lady's discarded ornaments should twist an ankle; and by night the watchmen and their chaldrons give pleasing imitations of the Witches in "Macbeth." It is not very cheerful, this spectacle of London undergoing her annual massage and renovation. Topics of interest are scanty. Kept in town by the perversity of your affairs, you have small enjoyment, save in the aspect of the mournful tourist, newly returned from Switzerland, with tales of universal rain. I once found some voyagers at the top of the Gemmi, where they had spent ten days of downpour, waiting for a view of the distant snow range, locked up in mists. I have recalled that incident lately with a distinct sense of comfort. Without it, I should probably have been driven to bimetallism, or to the *Chronicle's* synopsis of early marriage.

Into this gloom is suddenly shot a beam from a familiar luminary. Mr. Gladstone has been studied in diverse aspects, statesman, scholar, orator, theologian, woodman; but he has not received his due as a dispeller of ennui in the dead season. I am grateful to him for his recent discourse on music. Like Cadwallader of old, he sits enthroned among the Welsh hills, and encourages brass bands to play "The Men of Harlech." It is not surprising that, with such an inspiration of unconquerable optimism, he should proclaim his countrymen to be saturated with melody. It was not so in Mr. Gladstone's youth. His prodigious memory turns an ear to the past, but catches no stave from his college days. It was quite late in life, I believe, that Mr. Gladstone's superb voice used to enthrall family parties with a sparkling ditty of the Turf—

I've bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,
Somebody's bet on the bay.

What wonder that, in Mr. Gladstone's mature judgment, any man can sing if he will only try? Women sing, of course, with the utmost confidence. In how many drawing-rooms has diffident man sat and marvelled at the notes which seemed to travel from the music-stool up the spine of the fascinating vocalist, and out at the top of her head? It is this development of the natural gift of song which Mr. Gladstone has watched with sympathy, even while he directed the fortunes of an Empire. His influence is so great that, when he stood at the piano and warbled, to Mrs. Gladstone's accompaniment, the spirited refrain of plantation ecstacy, "Doodah, doodah, dey!", a current of electricity must have flashed through the island, waking an inharmonious nation to the raptures of the higher minstrelsy.

When I first set the eyes of boyish idolatry on Mr. Gladstone, he was in a very different mood. It was in the upper room of a village public-house, in the heat of a contested election. Here, wedged tightly in a sweltering crowd, an excited schoolboy had his first experience of oratory. He saw a face, stern, stormy, and forceful, that seemed the very incarnation of dramatic passion. The orator was, indeed, in a towering rage. The speech was a flood of sarcasm and invective, in which Mr. Gladstone's opponents were tossed from billow to billow, and hurled upon the rocks of eternal justice. When the schoolboy saw them later, two highly respectable gentlemen, one of whom had white hair, and slept peacefully on platforms, he was astonished to find them still alive, and much more astonished when they defeated Mr. Gladstone at the poll. Something must be seriously wrong with the world when that splendid and obviously righteous eloquence was of no avail. As the schoolboy pondered this problem, the first discordant note of modern pessimism fell on his listening soul. He has since heard many of Mr. Gladstone's speeches with resignation to the occasional refusal of Providence to "say ditto to Mr. Burke"; but the impression of awe and conviction in that village public-house has never faded.

This, perhaps, is why I find Mr. Gladstone's theory of music so persuasive. It reminds me, moreover, that I used to make experiments on the forbearance of my friends by singing a ballad from "Il Trovatore," with a good shake at the end. In a moment of unreasonable diffidence I gave up this pastime; but I perceive now that it is my duty to resume

it, and even to lead a sort of singing revival among the unduly modest. Why should we not cultivate, too, our dormant faculty for instrumental music? Some persons, I notice, come back from the music-mill at Bayreuth with sacks of crotchets, which they promptly deposit in the nearest magazine. How much better to play the "Men of Harlech" with brass, or even on a concertina! The other day Mr. Gladstone advised the minor poets to give up printing; but apparently there is no objection to minor fiddling and tinkling; so I shall expect the discouraged bards to revive a good opinion of themselves with the aid of the harp and the sackbut.

I notice that an Irish professor, fresh from Bayreuth, delights in the Wagnerian opera because it does not remind him of the "vulgar realities of life." Being nothing if not classical, he quotes our old friend Aristotle's definition of tragedy as some heroic transaction which purifies our emotions by pity and terror. For Mr. Mahaffy the "vulgar realities" are not tragic; nothing but dragons and mystical serpents and the prodigies of mythology can subdue his professorial soul to wonder and alarm. Shakspeare must be rather trying to this ideal; except for an occasional ghost or witch, he relies for his tragedy on the vulgarity of human nature. The squalid devilry of Iago must be very offensive to Mr. Mahaffy; and I don't see how he can tolerate the villain who will presently be found at the Lyceum, wickedly peeping out of a chest in a lady's bedroom. If Hamlet, now, had been properly inspired, he would have borrowed a magic sword and stuck Claudius without more ado; instead of which he abused his opportunities, shrank from blood as if he were an anti-rvivisectionist, and went raving to Ophelia with his stockings down! Who but Shakspeare would suspend the action of a tragedy to let some vulgar menial like the Porter in "Macbeth" deliver himself of a low philosophy? I wonder Mr. Mahaffy has endured all this so long; but now he is back from Bayreuth, with his head full of dragons and giants, he ought to show up Shakspeare's tragedy in all its depraved humanity.

The vulgar realities of life, no doubt, beget a shocking taste which makes us turn from pure fairy tale to such an orgie of sordid horror as Mr. Arthur Morrison's East End story in the *New Review*. The chief test of merit in fiction, wrote an oracle the other day, is that it shall leave a pleasant flavour behind it. There is no such flavour in "A Child of the Jago"; it is a picture of the unleavened savagery which broods and breeds in the midst of our civilisation; in truth and directness, it surpasses anything of the same kind in "Oliver Twist"; the pupils of Mr. Fagin are abstractions beside the promising young neophyte of Mr. Weech, receiver of stolen property. The Jago is a quarter into which the police never venture, except in force, and at long intervals; it is a circle of our civic Inferno, though the inhabitants are not conscious of expiating original sin in Dantesque torments; they regard robbery, murder, and general vileness as the rational enjoyments of life. There is a fighting heroine, whose prowess consists in felling a hostile Amazon, and gripping the nape of her neck with vicious teeth. This is not as elevating as the exploits of Siegfried; it can have no fascination for Mr. Mahaffy; its vulgar reality will revolt every imagination which has been bred on fairy tale; and yet it is charged with more pity and terror than any tragic theme ever contemplated by Aristotle.

What is the root of this æsthetic antipathy to the tragedy of the real? You are often told that the business of the romancer is to transport us out of ourselves, not to harp on the unpleasant facts with which we are already familiar in the daily routine. This is rather a threadbare pretence. The truth is, that most people are carefully secluded from such facts by the limited round of their observation. The literature of vulgar reality transports them as surely out of themselves as any superhuman myth; but it confronts them at the same time with problems they would gladly shirk, whereas the myth need disturb no middle-class serenity. Mr. Morrison's stories cannot be commended for family reading, because it is the object of the family to preserve its atmosphere of virtue by the assumption that "all's right with the world." So the family patronises the story-teller who weaves impossible crimes, and employs a Siegfried to do battle with fantastic monsters, or describes the superficial cares and trivial embarrassments of well-brought-up persons, who exchange repartees with their eyebrows, and other substitutes for articulate speech. However, some of us, weary of what is called the story-teller's art, turn with relish to a good thick slice of vulgar life, which the classical Mahaffy would disdain to nibble at.



MISS AMALIA KÜSSNER, THE MINIATURE-PAINTER.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

AN ABERDONIAN ODDITY.

THE TRUE STORY OF PROFESSOR JOHNSTON.

The fame of "the Johnston Case" in Aberdeen University has gone abroad to the four winds. It is well known that a Committee of the University Court, finding that Dr. David Johnston, Professor of Biblical Criticism, is "unmethodical in his teaching," has recommended his retirement on a pension, and some, even beyond the bounds of the Northern College, may possess an inkling that the learned Professor is just a little eccentric; but it is safe to assert that the evidence adduced at the trial has thrown but meagre light on the reverend gentleman's many-sided character. Readers who peruse this article to the end may haply gain some enlightenment. At any rate, they will be amused.

Cynics have complained of a lack of personality in the professoriate of Aberdeen. In Dr. Johnston that want has been abundantly supplied, and still studentdom—Divinity studentdom, at least—is unsatisfied. Perhaps the Professor is too original for his pupils.

Original Dr. Johnston certainly is. Moreover, he is absorbingly interested in origins—so deeply, indeed, that during his first session (1893-1894) he enrolled himself a student of the University in which he had just been appointed a teacher, and attended the lectures of the Professor of Midwifery, taking diligent notes in Hebrew. He even desired to study the science practically, but the genial obstetrician begged him to refrain, and also persuaded him to abandon the lectures. Dr. Johnston, it is whispered, also desired to attend the anatomy classes, but the Professor declined the honour, telling the Biblical critic that he would receive him when he came into the dissecting-room (that is, as a "subject").

These humorous passages would not in themselves have caused any trouble between Professor Johnston and his students, who at first were prepared to listen to him attentively. Their complaint, however, is that, as the weeks of the first session flew by, they found the Professor's lectures unsatisfying. He never, they asserted, got much beyond his elaborate inaugural address, to which he so frequently referred that his phrase, "As I said in me Inaugural," became a catchword in the lecture-room—and out of it. Dr. Johnston chose to lecture almost exclusively on Old Testament Criticism, a subject in which the students had already been well grounded by the Hebrew Professor, Dr. Kennedy, a teacher whose views, though "modern," were neither extreme nor intemperate. When, therefore, Dr. Johnston's students found themselves compelled to listen to arguments and assertions which, in the light of their previous studies, they considered to be often beneath notice, or beside the point, they grew restive, and little by little hostility arose between teacher and taught. The contest has now reached an acute stage. The grievance of the students, they allege, was not so much that the Professor refused to hold by "new views" as that he defended his own old orthodoxy with arguments that could not command the respect of his audience. In some instances, too, the students found that their Professor did not even know the names of well-known modern critics, while he clung tenaciously to obscure antediluvian writers, such as John Scott Porter, to whom he constantly referred. The men felt that their time was being wasted. They had already gone more thoroughly, and, as they felt, more intelligently, into the Old Testament with the Professor of Hebrew. And so the disaffection grew. Exploded notions, such as that the Psalms were *all* written by David, were ruthlessly forced upon the students, who naturally felt irritated at the dogmatic assertion of theories which sober historical criticism has shown to be untenable. As regards New Testament Criticism, things were even less to the students' mind. This was doubly unfortunate, for in the days of Dr. Johnston's famous predecessor, the late Dr. Milligan, the Chair was *par excellence* one of New Testament Criticism. Dr. Milligan, considering the Old Testament adequately dealt with in the Hebrew Class, devoted his principal energy to the criticism of the New. It is noteworthy that Dr. Milligan's position as a critic was ultra-conservative; yet his students did not find any occasion against him for his championship of orthodoxy. In this unfortunate Johnston case, in fact, issues have become confused. Students do not, as some seem to suppose, wish to compel a Professor's acceptance of this view or that. All that they wish is that a teacher shall know the points at issue, and shall discuss them in a manner that shall commend itself to reason and common sense. This, Dr. Johnston's students complain, they have not found in the lectures on Biblical Criticism. It is merely for "unmethodical teaching" that the Committee of the University Court has recommended Dr. Johnston's retirement. The matter of the Professor's lectures the Committee has declined to consider.

Whatever his teaching may be, Dr. Johnston's habits as observed by the public are pronouncedly individual. When the Doctor came, three years ago, from his remote Orcadian parish of Harray and Birsay, students and Aberdeen people generally began to realise that yet another curiosity had been added to the University Gallery. The new Professor was in some respects terribly energetic. Every day, be the weather never so wintry, he went down to the sea and bathed, a custom he still observes rigorously, winter and summer. Then, too, he is athletic. A student chancing to walk with him was asked if he went in for running. On the young man's expressing a preference for cycling, the Professor genially proposed that he must come to his pupil for lessons. This remark was passed by as a good joke, but a few moments later the student was amazed to hear the Professor propose a short run, which he said he felt equal to. The disciple declined, but the master would take no denial, and wayfarers along King Street were shortly edified by the spectacle of a stalwart elderly divine, hat in hand, making very good time towards New Aberdeen, followed at about five

paces by a panting divinity student, who, sly dog, kept behind to observe his preceptor's form. The following week, *Alma Mater*, the University magazine, with humorous allusion to the occurrence, announced the formation of a Harriers' Club, to be presided over by a certain member of Senatus. Since then Professor Johnston's sudden "spurts" have become a commonplace in Old and New Aberdeen. Sometimes he varies the performance by dancing down the Spital, a steep street near King's College. For his greater freedom in these exercises he lays aside hat and overcoat. That his conduct is unusual the good man is evidently quite unconscious. Even on the point of indulging in some vagary, he has asked a companion, "Why do they call me eccentric?"

The Professor stands nearly six feet in height, and is powerfully built withal. His snow-white hair has a trick of standing up stiff and straight, a peculiarity which, in his Orkney parish of Harray and Birsay, won him the punning sobriquet of "Hairy and Birsy" (*Scotticé*, "bristly"). His beard is as venerably white as his locks. In attire the Professor is extremely simple. For details of dress he takes no thought. One morning, as the Biblical critic went to the baker's to fetch his breakfast-roll (a duty not usually performed by Aberdeen Professors), a brother divine, observing that Dr. Johnston wore a slipper and an unlaced boot, accosted him with an angry remonstrance. What the Professor replied history saith not.

That Dr. Johnston cares little for externals is manifest to anyone who glances at his garden. The official residence of the Professor of Biblical Criticism is situated in Old Aberdeen, almost opposite the gate of King's College. The house, picturesquely screened by fine old trees, is surrounded by grounds of considerable size. In Dr. Milligan's time the place had the charm of order; now anyone who peeps through the gateway is tempted to quote Dr. Watts's verses—

I passed by his garden and saw the wild briar,
The thorn and the thistle, grow broader and higher,

for grass-grown walks, fallen trees, and rank vegetation make the approach almost impassable. Into this tangled paradise the occupant has introduced a cow, which in turn has introduced a calf, and now the jest goes that "Dr. Johnston has got two gardeners." The story runs that, on one occasion, during the Professor's absence, the Sacrist of King's College, scandalised at the state of the Johnston demesne, employed workmen to effect some clearance, and sent the bill to the proper quarter, where it was long contested.

Within the house, where Dr. Johnston keeps his bachelor state (waited on by his two Scripturally named handmaids, Martha and Mary), the arrangements are of a truly Johnstonian quaintness. The stairs are utterly innocent of carpet, as the windows are of curtains, and only three rooms may be described as "furnished." At the very top of the house are two rooms where the Professor chiefly dwells. In one of these, which looks towards the west, he has his bed and book-case. The furniture is of plainest deal. The other chamber, looking eastward to the sea, serves him as a sort of auxiliary study. In its sloping roof he has had a skylight cut, the better to illuminate his labours. Just below the skylight stands a stove, the pipe of which runs right across the room to the fireplace. On wintry days the Doctor has been discovered at work here, arrayed in a voluminous overcoat that reaches to his heels, and is adorned half-way down the back with a huge patch of a different material. When the fire gets low the scholar draws his chair as close to the stove-pipe as he can, in order that, like David of old, he may "get heat." The Professor's library is comparatively small; but, of course, a man's books are, numerically, no criterion of his knowledge.

To visitors Dr. Johnston is kindness itself. Indeed, the Professor would fain live at peace with all men, especially young men—except the "ungodly." His hospitality, if unusual, is none the less sincere. A visitor on taking leave has, on the stairs, had a paper of lozenges thrust into his hand, "to eat on the way home," while a moment later an apple was slipped into his pocket. On reaching the hall, where an assortment of tracts lies constantly in readiness on the table, one of these edifying leaflets is presented; and so, soul and body alike cared for, the parting guest is sped. Tract-distributing is a favourite pastime with the Professor. In one street, through which he passes daily, the children hail him as "the Ticket Man."

The students' case against Professor Johnston is that he is unmethodical. His case against the students is that they are disorderly and "ungodly." The latter charge against them the students rebutted by professorial evidence which proved their godliness; to the former charge some of them gave a qualified plea of guilty. It is not to be denied that these godly, disorderly young men have a grievance. On the other hand, it is equally probable that Dr. Johnston has a grievance also. Peculiar and unsatisfactory his lecturing may have been, but men already entering upon the gravest of professions might have been expected to find some more dignified means of protest than open contempt and insubordination. That the students were unwise does not, however, prove Dr. Johnston suitable for his post. The Professor has many virtues. He is learned, devout, charitable, and a powerful preacher of the old school. But his three years of failure abundantly prove that even these qualities cannot of themselves make a successful teacher of budding divinity. Something more is wanted, and that "something," if possessed by Dr. Johnston, seems to have been cunningly hidden away under a bushel of oddities. The Professor, despite the finding of Committee, still believes in himself, and will sit tight until the Privy Council has heard him. That he is a hard one to dislodge from a position was seen at his appointment to the Chair, when he refused for a long time to resign the pastorate of Harray and Birsay, which he determined to retain "for a time" along with his professorship. His students fervently desire that he had still been a pastor in Orkney. So this wish, also, is "ungodly."

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**TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EAST-
BOURNE.**—EVERY WEEK-DAY from Victoria 8.10 and 9.50 a.m., London Bridge 8.5 and
10.5 a.m., New Cross 8.10 and 10.10 a.m., Kensington 9.10 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.15 and 9.35 a.m.
Fares, 15s., 10s. 6d., 8s.

The Eastbourne Tickets are available for return the same or following day, and from Friday or
Saturday to Monday.

EVERY SUNDAY from London Bridge 9.25 a.m., New Cross 9.30 a.m., Victoria 9.25 a.m.,
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see Hand-bills.

TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—EVERY WEEK-DAY from Victoria
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PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN,
DIEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris.		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London.		(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria	dep.	10 0 a.m.	9 45 p.m.	Paris	dep.	10 0 a.m.	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge	10 0 ..	9 55 ..	London Bridge ..	arr.	7 0 p.m.	7 40 a.m.
Paris	arr.	7 0 p.m.	7 45 a.m.	Victoria	7 0 ..	7 50 ..

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.;
Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-Room Car runs in the First and Second
Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

BRIGHTON AND PARIS.—In connection with the Day Express Service, a Special Train leaves
Brighton 10.30 a.m. for Newhaven Harbour, returning at 5.20 p.m.

CAEN FOR NORMANDY AND BRITTANY.—Via Newhaven and
Ouistreham.—FOUR PASSENGER SERVICES WEEKLY. From London to Caen and
from Caen to London.

Fares.—Single: First, 25s.; Second, 21s.; Third, 13s. Return: One Week, 30s.; 25s.; 15s.—
Two Months, 38s.; 32s.; 20s.

FOR full particulars see Time Books, Tourists' Programmes and
Hand-bills.
(By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

A FAMOUS HARP.

How many harps of the true ancient Irish form and make are still to be found in the world, the antiquarians may know; their number is probably less than a score. But very few people—antiquarians or others—in search of a specimen like that which "once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed," would think of going to the town, or village, of Jeffersonville, in Clarke County, in the State of Indiana. Neither, for that matter, would anyone not specially informed look in the same village of Jeffersonville for lineal descendants of Master George Buchanan, one-time preceptor of his Majesty King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of Great Britain and Ireland. Nevertheless, the relic of ancient Irish art and the descendants of the old Scottish family are both to be found in Jeffersonville, and the harp is an heirloom in this Buchanan family. Jeffersonville, separated by the Ohio from the Kentucky tobacco mart of Louisville, is known in its own State of Indiana as the seat of one of the two State Penitentiaries. In the neighbouring State of Kentucky it is known as a Gretna Green to which lovers fly from all parts of the more southern State when parents or guardians object to their matrimonial plans.

Crossing from Louisville by the steam-ferry, and passing by the dilapidated row of two-storey houses where the sign "Marriage Licences" is conspicuous in large letters over the door of a thrifty magistrate's place of matrimonial business, you go through a grass-grown street and under one span of a huge railway-bridge to where a neat little cottage shrinks modestly behind a low wooden paling and some flowering shrubs. This is, and has been for some time, the home of George Buchanan's Jeffersonville descendants. In the front sitting-room, where a large steel engraving of her Britannic Majesty in Coronation robes faces a smaller and much older engraving of the learned and renowned forebear, stands the harp. It is not more than four feet high, and is of the peculiar construction which appears in the famous harp of Brian Boru, the Behnagare harp, and, pictorially, in the groups of harp, deerhound, round tower, and shamrocks, so popular in Ireland as emblems of the national aspirations. The woodwork is crumbling, and has been reinforced by rough clamps and bands of iron, which contrast hideously with the beautifully wrought metal guarding the thirty-two holes in the sounding-board, through which the strings passed before they were snapped asunder, and the four sound-holes. The carving in low relief upon the upright limb is beautiful and of a strongly characteristic Celtic design.

As for the story of the Jeffersonville harp, it is a family tradition and a romance of centuries. First, the Buchanan family, in the generation next but one after that of George, the royal preceptor, bought it at first hand. There was then visible on the sound-box a plate, now covered by one of the iron bands, on which plate was inscribed—

In sylvis vixi donec percussa securi;

Viva nihil dixi, mortua leta cano.

Cormack Kelly me fecit, Anno Domini 1617.

The elegiac part of this inscription, a copy of which is kept among the family papers, may be rendered—

In sylvan shadows, mute, I dwelt

Until the axe's edge I felt;

Nor note I sang, nor word I spoke,

Till death my joyous lay awoke.

The family in or about the year 1640 left Stirlingshire for Tyrone in the then new Plantation of Ulster. They had formed High Church, or, at all events, Episcopalian, connections by marriage, and the Covenant was dominant in Stirlingshire. So the harp went back to the land of its birth—it was made in Dublin—and found a home at Finton, county Tyrone, until some forty years ago. Then Mr. William Eccles Buchanan, its possessor, with his wife—also a Buchanan by birth—and several children, crossed the Atlantic and settled at New Orleans. Finally, about the end of the war between North and South, Mr. Buchanan having died in the meanwhile, his widow and children again migrated, and the harp was taken to its present home.

E. M.

LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."

LORD MACAULAY.

OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—WELL-APPOINTED COACHES—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.

Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.

THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR

affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain Scenery by Railway and Coach for ONE HUNDRED MILES

around the South Kerry Peninsula.

Tickets are also issued to Killkee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. For full particulars apply to London Office, 2, Charing Cross, Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.—Illustrated Guide sent gratis and post free on application to

Kingsbridge, Dublin.

R. G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

London Office, 2, Charing Cross.

CONNEMARA, ACHILL, AND WEST OF IRELAND.

TOURIST TICKETS, available for two months, are issued during the Season from the principal towns of England and Scotland and from Broadstone Station, Dublin, for tours through CONNEMARA and the WEST OF IRELAND, embracing GALWAY CLIFDEN, WESTPORT, ACHILL ISLAND, and SLIGO. For Grand and Picturesque combinations of Mountain, Lake, and Ocean Scenery, the West of Ireland cannot be surpassed. Excellent Salmon, Trout, and Pike Fishing in the District. The RAILWAY to CLIFDEN and to ACHILL is NOW OPEN.

For further information, tariff, &c., apply at 2, Charing Cross, or to

JOSEPH TATLOW, Manager, Midland Great Western Railway,

Broadstone Station, Dublin.

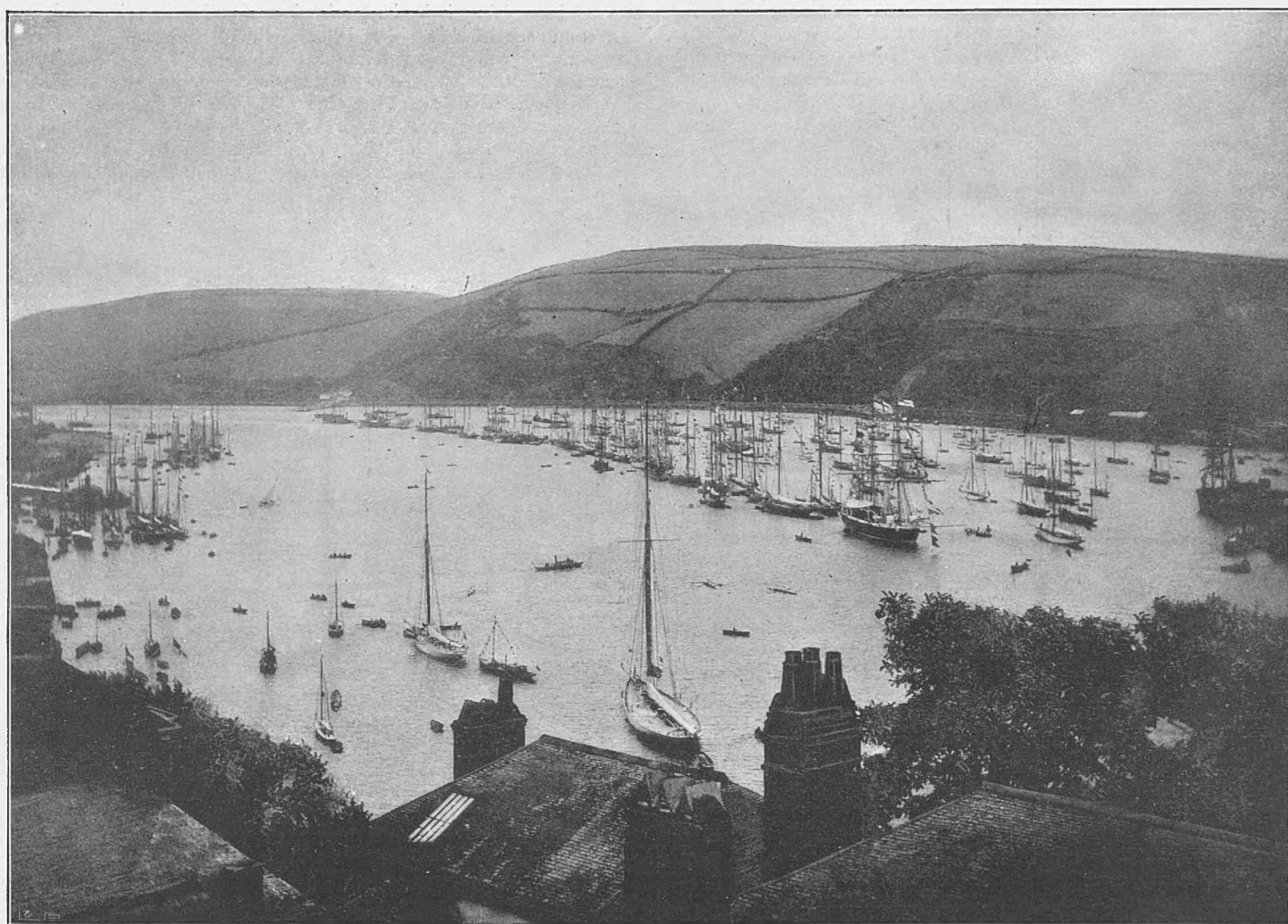
SMALL TALK.

The Queen is having rather cold weather at Balmoral. The Prince of Wales has come home again, and the Duchess of York is also back.

I yield to no man in restrained patriotism, yet confess to a feeling of dismal apprehension when I look forward to the sixtieth anniversary of her Majesty's reign. I could forgive the leader-writers and the ha'porths of enthusiasm that will run wild in flamboyant colours at nightfall; but I think of the music-halls, and am horror-struck. The *h*-less, the imbecile, and the vulgarly inane will for the moment drop the old familiar humour and go in for patriotic sentiment. We shall have descriptions, in bad style and worse grammar, of the glorious reign; all foes and sundry will be invited to do their worst and die in the attempt; the cornets and bass-drums will rejoice exceedingly. When patriotism is patronised by our music-hall serios and comedians it is not improved, but becomes a vulgar, blatant exposition of silly self-esteem. What can one expect when the song-provider is a man who, when patriotism is off, will return to the manufacture of the silly and offensive rubbish

brought, mortally wounded, to Edinburgh, where, lest he should escape capital punishment, he was brutally hanged without delay. No higher testimonial to his character can be conceived than that uttered by Argyll, whose execution followed directly on his own. Said the dying Earl, "Poor Rumbold was a great support to me, and a brave man, and died Christianly." A century later Sir Thomas Rumbold distinguished himself in the service of John Company—was at the siege of Trichinopoly and the re-taking of Calcutta, and acted as aide-de-camp to Clive at Plassey; while, nearer to our own times, Sir Arthur Rumbold served in the Imperial Ottoman Army with much distinction in the Crimea.

The Devonshire Yachting Week, as it is called, has closed. As regards the annual matches of the Royal Dart Yacht Club, enjoyable and successful on the whole, they were certainly robbed of not a little of their anticipated attraction by the absence of *Britannia* and *Meteor*. *Ailsa*, *Satanita*, and *Caress*, however, were all there, to the delight of the assembled throngs on shore, on steamers, and in small yachts and boats. The two latter classes of craft proved to be a nuisance, not to say a source of danger. The yachts, crowding round the mark and other official boats,



GENERAL VIEW OF DARTMOUTH HARBOUR, SHOWING THE START FOR THE 100-GUINEA CUP.

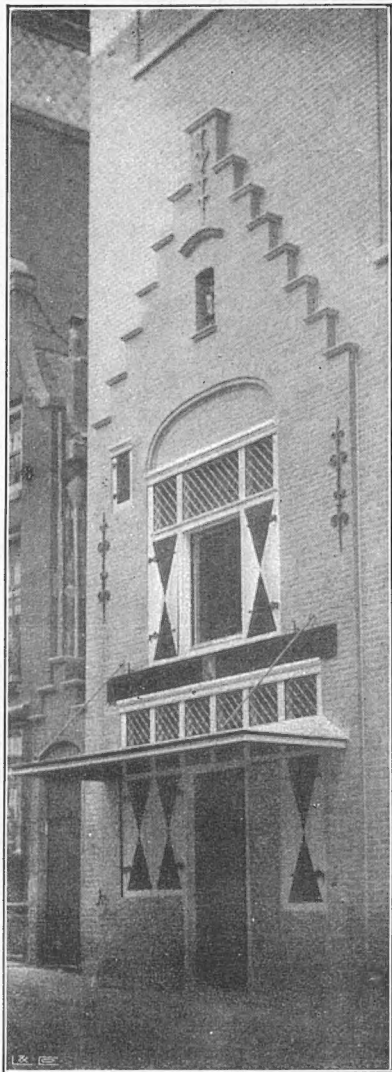
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SCOTT AND SONS, EXETER.

that now pervades our Halls? The mind that finds the greatest humour in "booze" and vice will never elevate patriotic sentiment. The serio who lacks all gifts but impudence, and relies upon a chorus inviting her audience to drink themselves blind, will, for the nonce, call that audience to rejoice greatly and take to themselves an excuse for the drink, but the change will not be convincing. Clever and clean song-writers could do more for the lower classes than the Salvation Army, but they are seldom met.

The family of our new Ambassador to Vienna—Sir Horace Rumbold, late Minister at the Hague—has during the last two centuries helped on various occasions to make history for Great Britain. In the reign of the Merry Monarch, William Rumbold was a distinguished Royalist, was Keeper of the Great Wardrobe (no sinecure, one would imagine), and later Surveyor-General of the Customs of England. Another Rumbold, Richard, whose name is perhaps more familiar to the readers of history, was by no means so devoted to the fortunes of the Stuarts. He had been a supporter of the Lord Protector, and shared the views of the great Algernon Sidney. It was at his house that the Rye House Plot should have become an accomplished fact, and on its failure he—like his descendant, Sir Horace—went to Holland, but on a different errand. Later he returned to this country, and supported Argyll in his rebellion against the bigot James II. When Argyll was defeated, Rumbold was captured and

and obstructing the course, have not a little to answer for; while the gigs and dinghies caused the capsizing and possible loss of prize of the Exeter four-oared crew. Bar a few squalls and some rain on the first day, the weather was favourable, from the visitors' standpoint; but there was hardly enough wind for the larger class of yacht. In the light draught of air, *Ailsa* easily shook off *Satanita*, and readily gave a long time-allowance to *Caress*. Eventually *Satanita* retired, the wind sprang up on the last round, and *Ailsa*, catching the breeze first, gave *Caress* no chance, winning with several minutes to spare. The foregoing, of course, took place outside, racing boats and smaller yachts competing inside the harbour. Of the lesser craft, some thirty hoisted colours, and some close racing resulted. As for the rowing, the Torquay Amateurs rather easily defeated Dartmouth, the previous holders, in the contest for the 100-guinea challenge cup. The start for this race is prettily depicted in the accompanying illustration. But, after all, "the play's the thing." Without the shore amusements Dartmouth Regatta would not be the draw it is. Thousands of people flock into the ancient port at the mouth of the "English Rhine," attracted by all kinds of shows by day and dancing and revelry by night. After dark, the yachts are illuminated, and the rich and rugged entourage of the quaint old place is shown off by really pretty and effective firework displays. The daytime carnival aspect we depict; the gay and glittering scene after dark must be left to the imagination.

Not only the scholarly souls familiar with the "Adagia," but all those who have laughed or cried over Charles Reade's stirring romance "The Cloister and the Hearth," should surely make a pilgrimage to Rotterdam, in order to see the reconstitution of the gabled cottage on the site of what was once the temporary home of Margaret, mother of Erasmus. Curiously enough, not even the inscription put up by the



ERASMUS HOUSE.

great Dutchman's contemporaries, "Ædibus his ortus mundum decoravit Erasmus, artibus ingenuis, religione, fide," saved the house in which he was born. It was pulled down early in the eighteenth century, but, thanks to the present owners of the site, Messrs. A. J. Polak and Zonen, visitors to Rotterdam can once more see, if not the house, the very semblance of the house where Erasmus was born. There, in the little street leading to the great Cathedral, the boy spent the first nine years of his life, a bright, clever little fellow, with a sweet voice, which nearly led to his being turned, much to his own despite, into a chorister. Rotterdam was then one of the intellectual centres of Christendom, and within hail of many important cities. Rumours of what was going on in France, England, and Spain, for Columbus had started on his adventurous voyages, must have found their way to the house of Gerard and Margaret, and probably there was laid the foundation of that culture and learning which made Erasmus famous in an age when every scholar was the envy of his fellows.

The wedding of Mr. David Williamson, the editor of the *Windsor Magazine*, and one of the original members of *The Sketch* staff, with Miss Margaret Allan, took place on Thursday, in the Presbyterian Church, Plymouth. The bride, who was

given away by her father, Mr. John Allan, wore ivory corded silk, trimmed with Brussels lace. There were four bridesmaids, in cream crêpon, with apple-green satin sashes. The best man was Mr. Martin Williamson, brother of the bridegroom. The presents have been numerous, including several handsome gifts from literary friends of the bridegroom. The wedding tour is in Wales.

I am glad to congratulate my friend, Mr. W. L. Thomas, whose genius and business faculty have built up the *Graphic* and *Daily Graphic*, upon the engagement of two of his sons. Both Mr. Harvey Thomas, the very popular manager of the *Daily Graphic*, and Mr. Augustus Thomas, the publisher of the *Graphic*, are shortly to be married, and I wish them every happiness.

With reference to the complaints of a correspondent concerning the bad management now obtaining at the National Liberal Club, "One of the Staff" writes as follows—

With reference to the letter published in *The Sketch* on the 26th ult., I wish to express the opinion that a more cowardly attack could not have been made by your correspondent. In the first place, how can the affairs of a club interest the public in general? You might just as well attack the domestic arrangements of a private house, considering a club is nothing more or less than a substitute for home (your correspondent does not attack the political affairs of the club). Secondly, I admit that the N.L.C. is not in as flourishing a condition as it formerly was, but why attack it so furiously? The club, being as weak as it is, should have help given it, and not be spoken of so thoughtlessly, and—shall I say it?—maliciously. Thirdly, in helping to bring about the ruin of an institution like this, does your correspondent think of the two hundred-odd servants he is helping to put out of employment also?

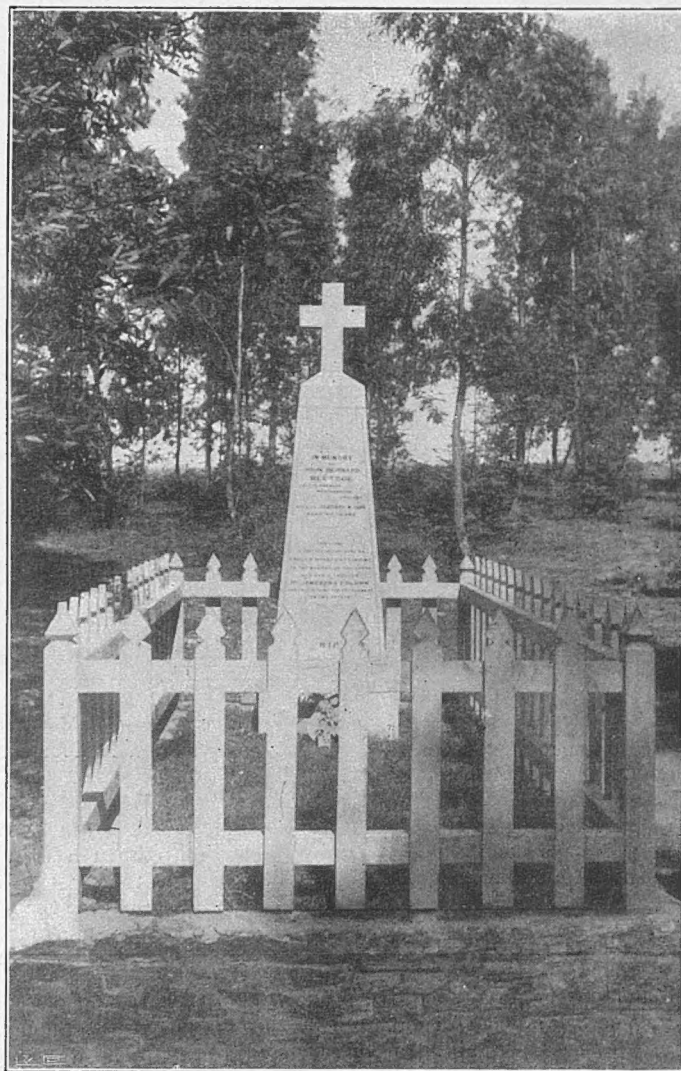
The thing is not, of course, of much public concern, but there are several thousand members in the club, and it would be a pity if the place should collapse, and this is to be avoided only by the members taking upon themselves to thoroughly reorganise the concern. It would not, I understand, be difficult to make this club a more attractive institution than many clubs with one-third the membership. At present it would seem to be conspicuously inferior to its rivals.

In the issue of Aug. 12 I described the two children in the photograph with Miss Lily Hanbury as that lady's nieces. I should have said her cousins, for Miss Hanbury's only sister is unmarried.

An astonishing harvest of mackerel is at present rewarding the labours of the fishermen on the south-west coast of England; indeed, the fish are so plentiful that they seem likely to become a drug in the market. There are few scenes more exciting than mackerel-fishing off Chesil Beach, near Portland. That wonderful shingle beach, more than eighty feet high, stretches down to the sea in great terraces of stones, and extends for miles along the coast, from Portland Bill to Bridport. Its peculiar characteristic lies in the accurate graduation of the stones, which, large at Portland, grow smaller and smaller till Bridport is reached, where the beach terminates. In the old days, when the coast was the resort of smugglers, they only needed to take up a handful of shingles to know exactly the point at which they had landed. The sea there is seldom quiet, and in bad weather the coast is extremely dangerous; but the fishermen manage their heavy boats with the ease and skill born of long practice. From the beach their keen eyes at once detect a shoal of mackerel in the bay, and they rush their boats down the steep shingle into the water, and row to cut them off, flinging out the net as they go. Everyone, from small boys to weather-beaten old men, gives a willing hand at the hard work of hauling the net ashore, and a picturesque group they make in their blue woollen jerseys, straining at the rope with all their might.

Very interesting indeed was the Laundry Engineering and Sanitary Exhibition which has just been held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The highest development of scientific housekeeping was to be seen, and all the best firms were represented. For instance, Messrs. Lever had a stand designed like an Old English half-timbered house. In the lower part you saw Old Home Soap, which is admirable for laundry purposes. Sunlight Soap and Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap were, of course, there. The glycerine manufactured by the Levers is very useful.

Here is the grave of one of the troopers who was killed during Dr. Jim's raid. He fell within a quarter of a mile of the Porges Randfontein Gold-Mining Company's mine at Krügersdorp, and the



A TROOPER'S GRAVE.

Photo by Mr. Edmiston.

employés gave him a decent burial, afterwards raising the handsome stone which the picture shows. Taking into consideration the nature of the surrounding country, the spot where he is laid is very beautiful.

The extraordinary yet really quite feasible story concerning a fire caused by mice nibbling matches behind a shop-counter reminds me forcibly, *mutatis mutandis*, of Darwin's famous instance of correlation and interdependence in nature, relating to the hungry town cats, the field-mice, the bees, and the clover.

In these days of fierce competition and consequent rivalry it is pleasant to hear that the Merry Butchers of Berkhamstead recently combined and sent a challenge to the Jolly Bakers to meet them in battle on the cricket-field. The Bakers accepted with right goodwill, and so well did the Staff of Life men figure with the willow that they won the match by an innings and nineteen runs. It was amusing to see the Chief Baker, Mr. E. Kingham (who also "acted" as wicket-keeper and captain), escort the Chief Butcher and captain, Mr. T. Tompkins, to

commend them to the north-western corner of France, where a friend of mine has been spending a month among the simple Breton fisher folk. Of course, such a sojourn has drawbacks, which to many would outweigh all the advantages I have named. You may be, say, fifteen miles from the railway, you will probably be entirely without what fashionable people call society, newspapers will be rarely met with, and (joyful news, I should say) you will be quite three days' post from London; and it may even happen that the postman, being but a poor hand at reading, may never deliver some letters at all. I have serious thoughts of spending my next hard-earned holiday in some distant fishing village of the Côtes du Nord.

Mrs. Linda Villari contributes an article to the last issue of the *Speaker* on "A Visit to Oberammergau." It would seem that the picturesque village in Bavaria fills up the intervals between each performance of the Passion Play by representations of secular works, and Mrs. Villari has recently been to see one of these. She informs us that Joseph Meyer, whom many of us saw act the part of Christ in the year 1890, will probably perform it again on the next occasion, which, strangely enough, she tells us will take place in the year 2000. This slip of author, editor, and printer, which occurs more than once, has a somewhat ludicrous effect to those who, like myself, are looking forward to seeing the Passion Play again in 1900, but can scarcely hope to have a look-in a century later. Among other pleasant personal details Mrs. Villari informs us that Joseph Meyer has now got a very red nose. She rather contradicts herself in the statement that none of the prominent actors in the great "Passionspiel" are allowed to play in the ordinary secular performances, for she tells us in another place that Meyer's daughter performs the part of a charming young widow, whereas Meyer's daughter, when I saw the Passion Play in 1890, acted the part of the Virgin Mary.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's flattery of the American girl at the expense of her English cousin has been flung down like a gauntlet for whoso will to take up. In truth, it would be no exaggeration to liken it to a bombshell, hurled, reckless of consequences, into the placid circle of complacent English maiden- and matron-hood. But, amid all the turmoil and protest and argument which the incident has caused, no one seems to have looked at the question from the outside, as it were, and on broader grounds than whether American girls are more attractive than English girls to Englishmen, and if so, why? The discussion would assuredly gain in interest if it were broadened out beyond the purely comparative stage, and it were asked whether it is better for any man, English or American, to marry a woman of his own or of an alien nationality?



OLD ENGLISH CRICKET.

and from the wicket, and to note the surprise of the Butchers as their wickets were scattered by Warren or Kingham, but everything was taken in good humour both by the players and the crowd. The proceeds of the match will benefit that deserving institution the West Herts Infirmary.

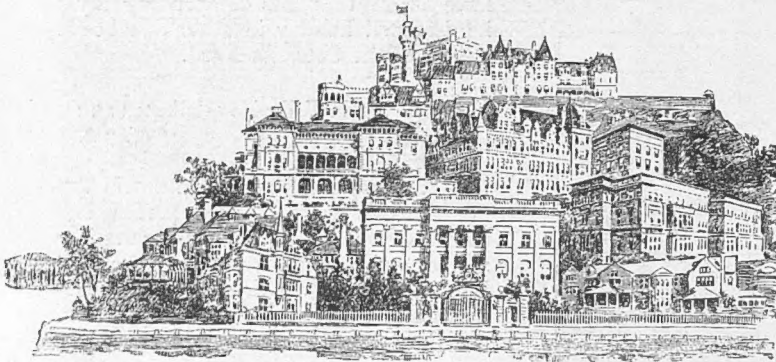
There was a young lady at Vadso
Who exclaimed, "It is really too bad, so
Many miles to have sailed
To an eclipse that failed;
I confess that I never was had so!"

These are the sentiments of a young lady recently a passenger on board the good ship *Norse King*, but they are her sentiments from a purely astronomical point of view only. From a picturesque point of view, my young lady friend found the time of the eclipse, its totality of one hundred and six seconds (to be precise), and the period before and after, most eminently satisfactory, and she informs me that the impressive scene, the mighty mountains, the solemnity which affected the fowls of the air and the fishes of the sea, and the general weirdness of the effect, have all left an impression upon her retina (she has come back quite scientific in her expressions) that can never be effaced. As for the social point of view, that, too, was all that could be desired. A hundred and sixty-eight people, many of them eminent, and most of them with attainments, such as sketching, writing, caricaturing, or photographing, made up a crew of which to be a "humble but observant female unit" (I use her own expression) was a joy and delight that is obtainable from few holiday outings.

Do any of my readers want a nice, roomy, furnished house for about four Napoleons a-month? Do they care to employ servants whose wages are, say, half a franc *per diem*? Do they wish to eat chickens at a franc or so apiece, eggs at four sous the dozen, great lobsters at fourteen sous each, and vegetables, milk, fish, and butter at prices that would make a West-End tradesman ill for a week even were he to hear them mentioned? And do they desire a grand rocky coast, high, heathery lands, capital bathing, and somewhat rough but enjoyable fishing and boating, and an air straight from the great Atlantic to give them an appetite to devour the good things above referred to? If they do, I can

THE OLD ENGLISH CRICKET TEAMS.
Photographs by J. T. Newman, Berkhamstead.

Hardly had New York society recovered from the excitement caused by the Marlborough-Vanderbilt marriage than the young Duchess's cousin, Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, delighted the more Anglophobe of her fellow-countrymen by becoming engaged to the son of another great Yankee millionaire, Henry Payne Whitney. It is difficult for us Englishmen to realise the kind of interest and enthusiasm surrounding the owners of vast wealth in America. The position of the Vanderbilt clan is an exceedingly curious and unique example of this state of things.



IF ALL THE VANDERBILT PALACES WERE MADE INTO ONE, IT WOULD BE THE GREATEST STRUCTURE ON EARTH.

Columns of more or less imaginary accounts of their daily doings are eagerly scanned by the readers of leading daily papers, and the moment a possible marriage is in prospect the great heart of America beats time to every thrilling incident of the courtship.

The Vanderbilt mansions, "cottages," and splendid business offices would, if brought together, says the *New York Journal*, from which I copy my sketch, be the greatest structure on earth. Biltmore, the Marble House, The Breakers, and Idle Hour are but a few of the residences inhabited by Commodore Vanderbilt's descendants. Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, who seem each to be rich beyond the dreams of avarice, or, at any rate, of British avarice, have added yet another "home" to the long list. The country-house was built in a fortnight on an estate in the Berkshire Hills (U.S.A.), which includes 7000 acres of some of the most exquisite scenery in the world.

The Breakers is to the Vanderbilt family what Versailles was to the Sun King, and there in the great ball-room many notable matrimonial knots have been tied, the bridal couple in each case passing out through the famous gates of wrought iron, which alone are worth a long journey to see; while in each and all of the Vanderbilt mansions are to be found many art treasures lost to the Old World, and acquired solely with the magic aid of the mighty dollar. Elsewhere in this issue I reproduce the miniature by Miss Küssner of the young Duchess of Marlborough.

One huge point of interrogation seems to dance before one's eyes daily in the morning papers of late. The *Telegraph* batters the mode of engagements; the *Chronicle* wails over early marriage. "Are things what they seem, or is visions about? Is civilisation a failure?" It was Bret Harte that asked that. Now it is a human heart that trembles in perplexity. The controversy resolves itself into something like this—

Should a man get engaged? Should a merry maid marry?
Is it good to be caged? Is it better to tarry?
For the newspapers' task, when there isn't congestion,
Seems only to ask this perpetual question.

Is love for a maid no longer in fashion?
A spade is a spade; and is loving but passion?
Or, how do we know that it's love when we get it?
Shall we leave it or go? Shall we live to regret it?

There once was a time—has it sadly departed?—
When men in their prime were rarely whole-hearted.
They loved and they wooed; they sighed, they were harried;
But if ever they rued, it was after they married.

When Corydon led his Phyll to the altar,
He ne'er thought his head was to hang in a halter;
He gave her the ring for worse or better,
Nor thought of the thing as a terrible fetter.

Folk pelted the pair with rice and a slipper;
The pirate, when'er he had captured his clipper,
Drove off in a chaise or a beautiful carriage,
And sang all his days such a psalm on marriage.

Is everything changing—for fashion is fickle—
When critics are ranged and are armed with a sickle
To shear down the blades who have hearts that are throbbing
For dear little maids who are sighing and sobbing?

Have people forsook all the churches and pastors
For the great Yellow Book and the Yellow Aster?
Are they drunk since they've fared upon gallon and gallon
Of the Grand, of the Caird, and the wine of Grant Allen?

Nay, what, after all, care the *Telegraph* readers
For cynics that brawl in their letters and leaders?
The *Chronicle's* drum has its rat-tat of treason,
But, then, we have come to the old silly season.

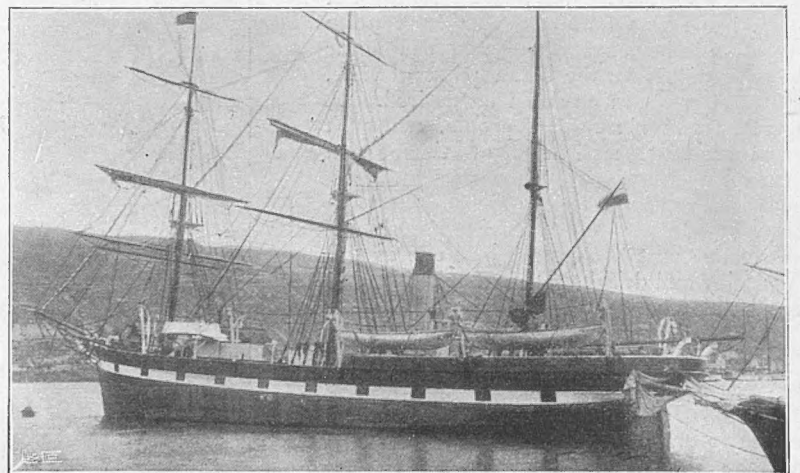
Mrs. Aria writes in reply to my jingling appeal to be allowed to wear a feather in my hat, according to Bavarian custom—

Who'd deny to a scribe the gift of the quill?
When he's armed *cap-à-pie* with a sonnet,
He can feather his cap at his own sweet will
And may plume himself merrily on it.

On Friday, July 10, the sealing steamer *Hope* left St. John's, Newfoundland, for West Greenland with the sixth Peary Expedition to the Arctic regions, the object being to bring home an immense iron meteorite weighing forty-five tons, lying near Cape York. The existence of this great mass was reported by Sir John Ross in 1818, but it was never discovered by civilised beings until Peary and Astrup located it in May 1893 on an island twenty miles from Cape York, which they named Meteor Island. It was with two smaller ones, and had been used by the Esquimaux for centuries for making their spear-heads and implements of the chase, they breaking the beach stones of basalt and hacking off pieces of the metal with the jagged edges. It being the largest meteorite known in the world, Peary was specially anxious to secure it, but last year had not the appliances to do so, and was therefore compelled to be satisfied with bringing away one of the smaller ones, weighing three and a-half tons. This year some American scientific societies provided the funds to enable him to charter a special ship to again attempt its recovery, so he selected the *Hope*.

She is a sister-ship of the *Windward*, and was built in 1873 at Aberdeen, for the celebrated Captain Gray, of Peterhead, is 149 ft. long, 28 ft. beam, and 17 ft. deep, 452 tons register, 70 horse-power, steams eight knots, and is barque-rigged, adding two knots to her speed. She is commanded by Captain John Bartlett, one of a family famous in Newfoundland marine annals for four generations, a brother of Captain Harry Bartlett, who commanded the *Falcon* in 1894, which was lost with all hands while returning from Philadelphia after landing Peary's party there. Captain John began his Arctic experiences in 1869, when, at the age of twenty-six, he took the Hayes-Bradford Expedition there in the *Panther*. He has a crew of seventeen, all sturdy seamen, and fourteen passengers, the ship carrying three hundred tons of coal, nine boats, and eighteen months' provisions for all hands, should anything arise to necessitate their wintering north. Peary is himself accompanied by Lee and Henson, the two brave companions who took part in his great journey over the Greenland ice-cap in May, June, and July, 1895, and he has also aboard two independent scientific parties, one from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the other from Cornell University.

The first will be landed in South Greenland, and consists of Professors Alfred Burton and George H. Barton; Geologist G. H. Putnam, of the United States Geodetic Survey; Russell W. Porter, photographer, and John C. Phillips, assistant geologist. The latter will stop at the Devil's Thumb, Melville Bay, and consists of Professors Ralph S. Tarr and A. C. Gill, geographist and mineralogist; E. A. Kindle, palæontologist; J. A. Bonesteel, geologist; T. L. Watson, assistant geologist, and J. O. Martin, entomologist. These parties will study the glaciers, geological features, and natural history of the regions they will operate in, and Peary, after landing them, will continue on to Bowdoin Bay, West Greenland, his former headquarters, in order to complete his ethnological collections of the Arctic Highlanders there, who live farthest north of any human beings on the face of the earth. It is a curious fact that since their frequent intercourse with whites the past few years, and the presents of hatchets, knives, needles, &c., made to them, they are altering the form of their kyacks and implements, and to secure the original forms of these will be impossible in a few years. Having obtained what specimens he requires, Peary will return south to Cape York, and make an attempt to get the meteorite aboard. If possible, it will be taken whole; if not, it will be split into suitable pieces by means of explosives taken for the purpose, and these pieces replaced to form a complete block.



THE "HOPE."

when it is set up in the Natural History Museum in New York, which institution it is being procured for. Peary will then cruise homeward, picking up the two scientific parties as he comes, and getting back about the middle of October. If successful, the trip will be a record one, and add to his already high reputation.

Dublin has been in great form, as usual, over the Horse Show and the accompanying festivities. Happily, the weather was fairly good, although threatening. On the opposite page I reproduce some representative prize-winners, from photographs by Lafayette, Dublin.

THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.



MR. CLARKE'S MARE AND FOAL (FIRST PRIZE THREE-YEAR-OLD).



MR. DAWSON'S YEARLING "FORZONA" (FIRST PRIZE THOROUGHBRED).



CAPTAIN STEED'S "ROYAL MEATH" (WINNER OF CROKER CHALLENGE CUP).



MR. THOMPSON'S "MARINER."



MR. PALLIN'S STALLION, "MASTER NED," (WINNER OF CHAMPION CUP).

Holgate, a name registered at the Kennel Club, is becoming known among dog-fanciers. It is the name of Mr. W. J. Langdon's beautiful little estate at Sudbury, in Suffolk, where for years past he has been working up a stud of Irish terriers. Holgate Booby, the sire of many grand dogs, was Mr. Langdon's, and so, too, were Holgate Bristles and Holgate Booby II. Mr. Langdon is also the fortunate owner of that splendid Irish terrier bitch Holgate Mettle, who took a first at High Barnet, as well as of the two brood bitches Holgate Worry and Holgate Craiglass. Armagh Scamp, another Irish terrier, has lately won a silver cup. Mrs. Langdon, who shares her husband's love of and interest in dogs, has lately started a cattery, and has been elected a member of the N.C.C., on the proposal of Lady Marcus Beresford. She has Silver Daisy, a well-known winner, and Angelo, another lovely silver tabby. Mr. Langdon also breeds fowls, Belgian hares, and blue turkeys—indeed, few living creatures seem to come amiss on this wonderful Suffolk farm.

Probably the best collection of any particular breed exhibited at Cruft's recent show in the People's Palace was that of bull-terriers, and of these Mr. W. J. Pegg, of Woodcote Lodge, Wimbledon, took first honours with a splendid team, of which is given, as a representative, Woodcote Wonder. He is one of the most symmetrical and graceful-looking specimens of his breed, besides being highly typical. He is by Dulverton out of Fan, and was born in October 1893. During his less than three years of life he has won the Bull-terrier Club's Challenge Cup four times, three of which were in succession, as well as about thirty first prizes and specials. Five of his progeny occupied

places near him on the show-bench, most of them being known prize-winners, and on this occasion repeating former successes. Very different from the lot of these canine pets is the life of dogs in some Continental towns, like Homburg, where they take the place of horses with us.

One night last week I found myself at London Bridge Station about half an hour before midnight. To my surprise, the approach was thronged. There must have been nearly three hundred men, women, and children, most of them sitting on the pavement or leaning against bundles, while half-a-dozen policemen kept a careful watch. Passing through the ranks in



MRS. LANGDON AND HER PETS.

Photo by Partridge, Sudbury.

order to have a better look, I saw they were nearly all members of the "submerged tenth." Here and there some noticeable neatness or cleanliness showed up in bright contrast to the prevalent rule of disorder and dirt. Yet on nearly every face there was a look of pleasurable anticipation that puzzled me completely for a moment. It could not be an excursion or bean-feast at that time of the night, and then the truth came to me. These were surely hop-pickers, with their families and scanty luggage, waiting for some late cheap specials to take them from the hot, dirty town to the heart of the hop country, where work and holiday would come together. A policeman told me my idea was correct, and I wandered about for some few minutes regarding various types. There was more knowledge to be obtained from five minutes' careful survey than printed facts or statistics could yield in a month to the inquiring mind. The hour was too late for loungers: the pickers were at their ease.

It was an orderly crowd: the men talked quietly; some few had reached the luxury of a pipe; others looked with longing eyes; one seemed to inhale the fumes of his neighbour's terrific tobacco with real pleasure. A boy about fourteen years old, very tattered and really good-looking, searched every corner of his pockets for sufficient shreds of tobacco to make a cigarette. The search was unavailing; he seemed very upset. One woman with two little girls, and a supply of baggage contained in a red handkerchief of ordinary dimensions, was making the mites tidy, quite oblivious of the hour and their sleepy condition. Half-a-dozen girls were asleep on their respective bundles, and one mother nursed a baby and kept watch over the rest of her sleeping family. Anæmia seemed to be rampant among the toilers; there were some nasty, suggestive coughs to be heard. I thought of the miserable pay, the scant accommodation, the trials of bad weather and worse sanitation, and could not see where the pleasure of the outing came in. The treatment of pickers is very little better than that meted out to dogs, while

neighbouring farmers regard them with suspicion and dislike, and are ready to lay every loss, real or imaginary, to their charge. The hop-picker is an Ishmaelite among the countrymen, but the longing for fresh air and what he calls a "bit o' green" is apparently sufficient to make him lose sight of everything else.

Miss Elizabeth Banks is distressed because there is no demand for women as dentists. When she has proposed that fair hands shall wield the forceps, the idea has found no favour with the masculine practitioners of a gentle art. I am sorry for this, for when I have to visit the dentist—a calamity still, I trust, remote—I should be comforted to know that the horrid operation would be performed by lovely woman. Of course, some cynics will say that women would draw teeth with perfect callousness, especially the teeth of the tyrant man; but all my sentiment revolts against such an idea.



WOODCOTE WONDER.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

I saw a parrot the other day, warranted to say a hundred words. He did not address any of them to me, being absorbed in the consumption of a piece of brown paper, but I could not help thinking that it might be worth while to extend his vocabulary still further, chiefly in the direction of refined irony. Fancy the comfort of hearing your own phrases, which were struck off in moments of inspiration, repeated by the parrot when you were fatigued and in need of stimulus! An after-dinner speech, to which you had devoted unusual care, might be recited by the parrot long after it had been forgotten by your friends. However, this particular bird was rather expensive—six guineas, nearly a penny-farthing a word!

Really, some humorist ought to be retained by the *Spectator* to keep it out of the most extravagant absurdities. Anything more unconsciously farcical than the grave suggestion that a bishop may preserve his dignity on a bicycle, provided he does not put his feet up when descending a hill, I have not read for many a day. The late W. R. Grey used to say that the *Spectator* looked at facts "through the misty medium of morals." That is a less distracting medium, at all events, than a total lack of humour.

The extraordinary spread of cigarette-smoking may be gauged from the development of a typical firm of makers. Such an one is Thomas Ogden, Limited, of Liverpool. They turned their attention to the development of the trade about four years ago, when they were doing a small business therein. Since that time the sales have increased tenfold, and they now have a cigarette factory fitted up with one of the most complete cigarette-making plants in the country, and capable of turning out about four million cigarettes per week. The trade is still growing, and to meet it they are still enlarging their facilities. Their well-known "Guinea-Gold" cigarettes are solely manufactured from Virginia leaf, guaranteed to be absolutely pure; further, they are made by British labour. "Five thousand miles" of "Guinea-Gold" cigarettes are turned out annually. Inside each packet is a photograph, produced by a new patent, solely reserved to the firm for the United Kingdom. They also give away with each packet an insurance coupon for a hundred pounds.



BRINGING IN THE MILK AT HOMBURG.

If ever a brave man deserved a statue it was General Charette, shot at Nantes a hundred years ago last March. Close to the town which witnessed his death and in the beautiful corner of provincial France where even now the recollection of the "holy war" still lingers, the monument has just been erected, in the grounds of one of the hero's collateral descendants, a brother of the soldier nicknamed at home

and abroad Papal Zouave Charette. The long, hopeless struggle in La Vendée is one of the few really fine chapters in the history of the French Revolution, and it was not disfigured, as was the in many ways similar rising in 1848, by either treachery or incompetence. Had Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette succeeded in their attempted flight from Paris, their ultimate hope would have lain in the man whom Republican France now honours with a statue. The spot where the General stood with his head bandaged and his fingerless left hand pointing to his heart is shown on the Place Viarmes, but the stout wooden door against which he fell is now in the keeping of his descendants, who regard it as their most valuable possession.

Women, one must admit as a general principle, do not, as a rule, bear transplanting. Nostalgia is more frequently a feminine than a masculine trouble, and the wife must be very much in love with her husband if she can not only say with Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people," but stick to it when the glamour of the honeymoon is over and the poetry of wooing has been paraphrased into the prose of married life. It is then, too often, that the wife of another country is apt to become more like Lot's wife, with the

disadvantage, from the husband's standpoint, that she does not at the same time become a silent memorial of woman's weakness. Very few women who have left their own land and own people to marry an alien will say to their husbands in after years, as Andromache said to Hector—

Yet while my Hector still survives, I see
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee!

They are apt to remind him that "mother never did things in this way at all," and that "things were very different at home."

A friend of mine who is staying at Weymouth, the "Budmouth" of the Wessex novels of Thomas Hardy, writes to me of the beauties of the seats of the Earls of Ilchester. Admirers of our great novelist may be interested to know that the romantic marriage of Stephen Fox, first Lord Ilchester, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Thomas Strangeways-Horner, in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, is told in the first tale of "A Group of Noble Dames." The first "Countess of Wessex" is the first Lady Ilchester, and is the somewhat wayward Betty whose father, Thomas Dornell, married the heiress of King's Ilintock (Melbury House), where he sometimes resided, retiring at times to his own estate of "Falls Park" (Mells Park) in the adjoining county of Somersetshire. There is a charming etching of "King's Ilintock," "drawn on the spot," in the delightful edition of Thomas Hardy now being published by Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co., an edition fast drawing to its close, though I have good authority for saying that a volume, or perhaps two, in addition to the advertised list will probably be issued, so that all that the novelist considers worth preserving will be ultimately comprised in the volumes so welcome to the admirers of Mr. Hardy's genius.

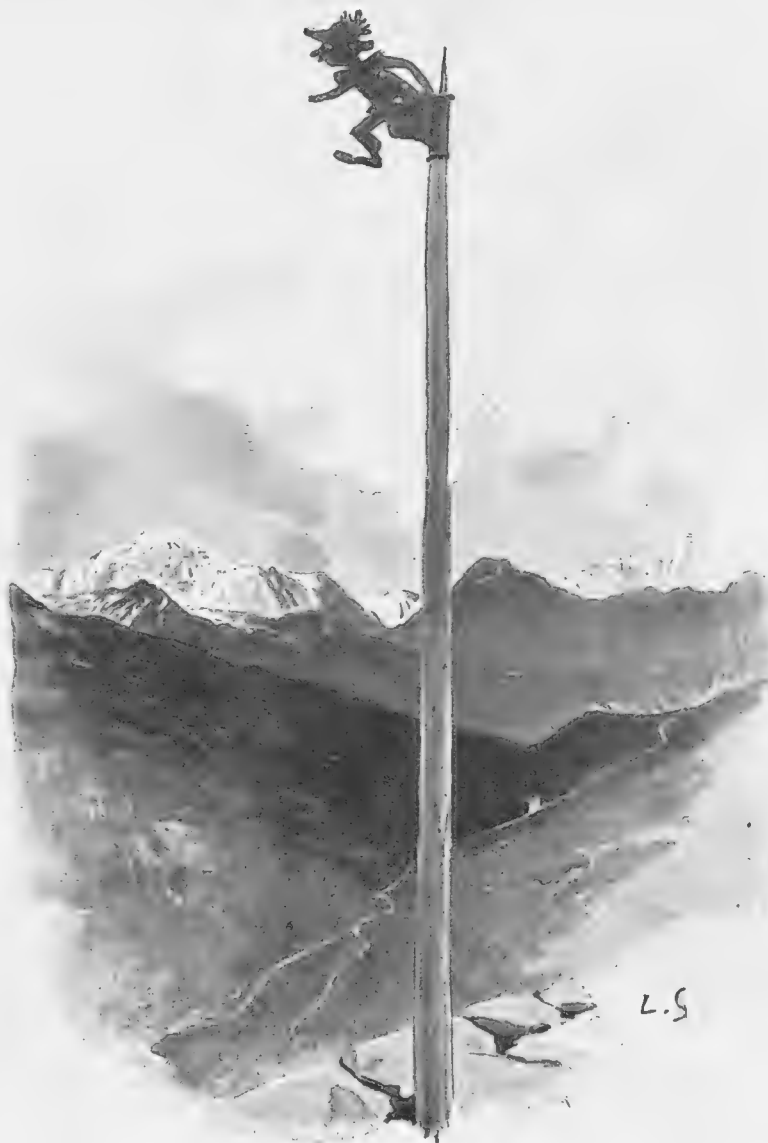
The fashionable "wheelist" is absent from town, and Battersea Park is to some extent deserted; there is all the more reason, therefore, for those lucky ones, as I consider them, whose holiday is to come in September or October, to enjoy the beauties of the once utterly unfashionable suburban pleasanee. Hardly anything in the floral line could be more lovely than the sub-tropical garden, while the lines of hollyhocks are a perfectly glorious scheme of colours. But there is one spot among Greater London's open spaces which, as a study of form and colour, I can recommend to an artist or a lover of gardening even more highly than Battersea. The delectable spot to which I refer is "Ye Olde Garden" in Brockwell Park. Laid out like some old-fashioned country or farmhouse garden, with big beds crammed with almost every variety of what are usually called old-fashioned flowers, this charming old garden is a most delightful picture, and it smells as pleasant as it looks. The magnificent colours of the autumn flowers are heightened by the fine old mellow-toned red-brick walls that surround the garden,

walls on which still hang tempting fruit, and above which are seen the tops of beautiful old trees, among others, cedar-trees, the green of which is in admirable contrast to the red above which it towers. The garden is a distinct credit to the London County Council, and, if they care for the compliment, I may inform them that a young lady from New England whom I escorted there considered it the prettiest specimen of things floral that she had seen in the Old Country.

Those thirsting for adventure and a life totally unlike that to which they have been accustomed should set up their tent near one of the Franco-Italian frontier military stations, or *postes*, situated, in many cases, eight to ten thousand feet above the sea, and which give a glimpse of the French soldier on duty. Of late years—in fact, since the Triple Alliance became an accomplished fact—a very strict watch is kept on each side of the frontier. The strongly theatrical side of the Italian character is shown even in the small details which go to make up the monotonous life of these Alpine sentinels. In almost every case the little miniature strongholds have been placed on bleak and exposed peaks rather than on the narrow ledges and plateaux which abound in the Alpes Maritimes and in lovely Savoy, and the Italian uniform, though charmingly picturesque, is hardly adapted for the work performed by this frontier guard. On the French side comfort has been considered, and both officers and men are fairly comfortable, though the cabins which form their temporary barracks are literally cut out of the rock, and, in many cases, strongly resemble the dwellings of prehistoric man. During the winter months the Alpine garrisons are greatly reduced, but in the summer and autumn sometimes as many as two hundred men share the plateau, and keep themselves lively as well as they can, often by playing practical jokes on their *vis-à-vis*. Not long ago the Italian sentinels were surprised to see a new kind of standard flying from one of the French flag-staffs. It turned out to be a huge silhouette of Signor Crispi, cut out in zinc by some soldier-artist with a turn for caricature. Each settlement, or *poste*, recalls in more ways than one a man-of-war. The soldiers sleep in bunks arranged on state-room, or rather, steerage principles. The tiny mess-room of the officers is lined with trophies, and provided with field-glasses, and two huge St. Bernard dogs serve as comrades and pets to the whole garrison. Less



GENERAL CHARETTE.



A FUNNY FRONTIER POST.

tenderly but with some kindness are regarded the live stock, which gradually diminishes as time speeds on. Among the last to go are two fine pigs, which, brought up to these altitudes in extreme youth, are fattened *sur place*, and eaten in the form of *boudin*, roast pork, and *jambon d'York*. Occasionally the station is visited by Alpine hunters.

THEATRE GOSSIP.

The opening of the new Borough Theatre was quite an event at Stratford. The High Street was crowded with spectators, and a body of firemen in full uniform and brass helmets, assisted by policemen, had some difficulty in keeping the way clear to the principal entrance. Imposing individuals



THE NEW BOROUGH THEATRE.

of great stature and gold-embroidered clothes were on duty inside, and gentlemen with gold stars affixed to their dress-coats were seeing to the comfort of visitors, assisted by pretty attendants in caps and aprons. Mr. Tree's impersonation of Falstaff was much appreciated by the large audience, as was Mrs. Tree's Lady Percy, though now and

then the "gods" evinced an inclination to take part in the performance. Mr. Fuller Mellish made a splendid Hotspur, and Mr. Thalberg a very good Prince Hal, with Mr. Gerald Du Maurier as his companion Poins. Mr. Lionel Brough was an ideal Bardolph; it was worth a visit to Stratford to see him "blush." Mr. D. J. Williams was very funny as Francis, and Miss Marion Evans sang charmingly. The theatre is beautifully decorated and fitted-up, and all the arrangements would do credit to a West-End house. The Messrs. Fredericks, and the architect, Mr. Frank Matcham, are to be congratulated on a highly successful issue to their enterprise.

Many people who ought to know better seem to think that Miss Lalor Shiel, who has made such a hit as Little Jemima in "Monte Carlo," comes straight to the West-End stage either from the music-halls or from "provincial obscurity" (*sic!*). Nothing of the sort. Miss Lalor Shiel, whose name points unerringly to her distinguished Irish lineage, is an actress of proved merit and versatility, shown alike in melodrama, musical comedy, farcical comedy, and pantomime. She is well known in the East-End theatres, and only last year she was playing Lucien Cripps on tour with Mr. George Edwardes' "An Artist's Model" company.

As for the clever Sisters Belfry, Miss Venie (the fair-haired Bertie in "Monte Carlo") and Miss May (the dark-haired Gertie) appeared respectively as principal boy and second girl in the last pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. This spring they went out to Johannesburg, whence they have recently returned. The Misses Belfry are infinitely more refined in manner than many popular music-hall stars.

I regret to hear of the death of Mr. John Thanet Dickins, husband of Miss Alice Barnett, whose performance of the "massive" Lady Jane in "Patience" will be clearly remembered by constant votaries at the shrine of Gilbert and Sullivan. Miss Barnett was obliged by the illness of her husband to resign her engagement as Miss Berry McNabb, the lady superintendent in "The Telephone Girl," earlier than she had intended to do, and his death took place only three days before she was to start for America to open at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. The sad case of poor Miss Kate Rorke is but another instance of the struggles popular favourites have to undergo in order to keep their engagements with the public.

Few theatrical families have during one single generation possessed more exponents of dramatic art than that of the Thornes. Hence, more than conventional regret should be expressed at the death of old Mrs. Thorne, widow of a former theatrical manager, and mother of Miss Sarah Thorne, of the Chatham and Margate theatres and successful trainer of novices; of Miss Emily Thorne, still one of the best representatives of "old women" on the boards; of Mr. Tom Thorne, once of the Vaudeville, and of that ripe low comedian, Mr. Fred Thorne; and of Mr. George Thorne, who has so well established his fame throughout the provinces in Gilbert and Sullivan operas that he has consistently preferred to remain *out of* London. Mr. Frank Gillmore is a younger scion of the same stock, and so is Miss Milly Thorne. I have left unmentioned other members of the family.

I note that charming Miss Sybil Carlisle now announces that she is no longer a member of Mr. Augustin Daly's company, and that she is disengaged. Surely, after her recent most delightful performance as the young widow wooed by the lion-hunter in "Love and Crutches," at the Comedy, she will be snapped up very soon by some manager who appreciates refined comedy acting.

Someone has sent me the amusement programme from Manhattan Beach, and I feel half tempted to cross the ocean merely to meet the airy, fairy "summer girl" depicted in colours on the cover, quite irrespective of the facts that Mr. John Philip Sousa, composer of "El Capitan," has been conducting his concerts at Manhattan, and that the enormously popular extravaganza "Evangeline" has been in the bills at this popular and fashionable seaside resort.

Miss Marie Halton, whose unfortunate managerial experiences at the Shaftesbury were never sufficiently compensated for by success on her subsequent London appearances, has now gone back to America. She has been engaged by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein, of the New York Olympia, to play in his new opera called "Santa Maria." Miss Halton is both pretty and clever, and I hope she will have better fortune "on the other side."

An early recruit to the French stage will be found in a son of the well-known man of letters, Émile Bergerat. This young fellow will make his debut under the assumed name of D'Avançon.

In the forthcoming melodrama written by G. R. Sims for the Princess's Theatre, the two boys—each a hero—will be represented by Kate Tyndall and Miss Sydney Fairbrother. They are brothers or orphans, or something interesting, and, needless to say, they come out on top in the end, however the dramatic cards may be shuffled. I expect the Sims drama will carry Manager Albert Gilmer along to the Christmas pantomime, which, with the huge house, big stage, and popular prices, should pay well and yet not clash with the more ambitious efforts of Drury Lane.

I am glad to see that Mr. Robert Newman has again begun his series of promenade concerts in the Queen's Hall nightly. His present intention is to devote the first part of each programme as follows:—Saturday nights, all popular; Monday, Wagner; Tuesday, Sullivan, Gounod, &c.; Wednesday, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Russian, Scandinavian, Schumann, Mozart; Thursday, all popular; Friday, Beethoven. On Sept. 23 (Queen's record reign) a performance of the "Hymn of Praise" will be given, with Madame Fanny Moody, Miss MacDougall, and Mr. Ben Davies. Mr. Newman has secured a much stronger list of artists than last year, and the season-ticket holders will have good value for their money. Mr. Howard Reynolds has again been engaged as solo cornet, and a quartette of lady cornettists (the Park Sisters) will form a most interesting novelty. In the Small Hall every evening, at 9 and 10 o'clock, there will be an exhibition of animated photographs.

Miss Gladys D'Esterre, whose picture I give here, is a Dublin girl. She appeared as a reciter in her seventh year, in 1882, adopting the stage three years ago as her life-work. She began with Mr. Louis Calvert's Répertoire Company, playing Elizabeth in "Richard III.,"

MISS GLADYS D'ESTERRE.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

Marie in "The Corsican Brothers," and so on. She has played for Mr. Pitt Hardacre, and has been fairy queen and principal girl in Mr. Milton Bode's pantomime. This Christmas she will appear as a boy. At present she is at home in a round of Irish pieces, notably "The Colleen Bawn."



MISS EVELYN MILLARD, OF THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.



THE MIRAGE OF THE SNOW.

"CARAN D'ACHE" AND HIS ART.

It is strange that the successor of Gavarni—that uncouth, half-crazy genius who carried away from a visit to London only a tender recollection of "le gin du pays"—should be Caran d'Ache, the very exemplification of *fin-de-siècle chic*. The famous caricaturist is not only a typical product of his country and his age, he is the actual outcome of a Franco-Russian alliance dating back to the days of Napoleon and the Retreat from Moscow. Emanuel Poiré, for such is the unromantic legal name of Caran d'Ache, is the grandson of one of Napoleon the First's most gallant officers, who, having followed his chief through the disastrous Russian campaign, was wounded, taken prisoner, and given up for lost by his French friends. In time, however, the French prisoners were released, but the Russian fortress in which Caran's forebear had been confined had not locked out romance. Capitaine Poiré had fallen in love with a fair Muscovite, who, taking pity on his misfortunes, married him as soon as he was set at liberty. The couple settled down in Moscow, and stories of the old French fencing-master still linger in the mess-rooms of Holy Russia.

Caran d'Ache even as a child was devoted to the army and to art in any and every shape. He spent all the time he could snatch from lessons and home in the guard-rooms of the town, and it was probably in one of these that he saw a book illustrated by Detaille, the military painter. The work fired his imagination. He made up his mind to return to the country which had been the birthplace of his grandfather. And, with the avowed pretext of being anxious to fulfil the military service which is obligatory on all young Frenchmen, whether at home or abroad, he obtained the ear of the French Consul, with whose assistance he made his way to the French frontier. He was at that time seventeen, and when he arrived in Paris he found himself without a single friend, and what was, perhaps, more serious, with only a few francs in his pocket. With the courage and desperation of youth, he called on M. Detaille, then in the zenith of success and fame. The great artist received him very kindly, and gave him some valuable advice, namely, to study from life not only men, but horses, for the pupil and successor of De Neuville saw genius in the lad's few sketches. Young Poiré's next visit was to the military authorities, who quickly drafted him into the 73rd Regiment of the Line. At the end of six months he was promoted, and, as Corporal Poiré, he found a certain amount

of leisure for the pursuance of his beloved sketching. It would be difficult to estimate the value of that strange experience, which, according to the artist himself, really taught him all he now knows of the mysteries of black-and-white art, for Caran d'Ache has never taken lessons from any master, and he has never cared to work from professional models. Thanks to the influence of M. Detaille, who had not lost sight of his young admirer, M. Poiré on leaving the army was offered a post in the Ministry of War. There his duties consisted in the drawing of foreign uniforms and accoutrements, and it was at this time, and not, as has been erroneously stated, while still a private in the French Army, that Caran d'Ache published his first caricatures, signing them with the name by which he is now known, and which signifies in Russian "lead-pencil."

And so he gradually developed into a celebrity of the Boulevards, and so might have remained, unknown outside Paris, but for the production at a popular Montmartre café of a series of shadow-pictures, the invention and work of a young, unknown caricaturist calling himself Caran d'Ache. All sorts of stories were rife anent the marvellous shadow performances at the Chat Noir. It was asserted that the little figures had not been drawn by one man, but were produced in some extraordinary fashion, and cut out of old engravings or copied from the famous Napoleonic painters. It seemed hard to believe that one man, and he an artist of whom the great world had never heard, could have imagined the moving poem which made the great Napoleon live again—indeed, it may be asserted that to Caran d'Ache was due in a great measure the revival of the Napoleonic legend.

A mere accident had taught the artist something of what silhouetted figures could do. He thought the idea over, and worked incessantly, till at last he evolved what was known as "l'Épopée"—that is to say, scenes taken from Napoleon's life, beginning in the year 1804, and going straight on through the campaign of Russia. In some of these shadow-pictures as many as four thousand figures were massed together—indeed,

a whole army was shown moving backwards and forwards across the screen, while the figure of the "Petit Caporal," clothed in his sombre cloak and cocked hat, and mounted on his famous horse, moved slowly among his soldiers.

Drawings of "l'Épopée" were sent by command to the Czar, who henceforward became one of the artist's most constant patrons; indeed, much of Caran d'Ache's best work goes to Russia, and not a Grand Duke but has one or two specimens of his work. Each figure in "l'Épopée" was drawn, cut out, and pasted on a zinc plate by the artist himself, and as often as not he attended the performances and personally arranged and managed each item of the programme. There were thirty tableaux, and each detail of the figures and their uniforms was studied as carefully as those of the Commander himself. Among those who constantly visited this extraordinary sight was Meissonier, who expressed himself as quite astonished at the accuracy of the costumes. Of all the tableaux, the most successful, curiously enough, was that of "The Retreat from Moscow," for there a strange and extraordinary effect was produced by the great number of figures in action, and the slow passing on the stage of men and horses, coaches and waggons, across snow-fields and frozen rivers.

For a time Caran d'Ache was pursued by his own success; the public imperiously demanded more shadow-pictures, and in time he gave them glimpses of other military epics, and a "Retour du Bois" full of life and movement.

At last he grew frightened; the artist saw himself in danger of becoming the showman. Leaving shadowland entirely on one side, he came back to his original kind of work, and now "l'Épopée" is, if not forgotten, scarcely remembered by those most familiar with his later work. Caran d'Ache has been heard to assert that he thinks "in line," and

he never seems quite sure whether he ought to be hailed as a caricaturist or a realist of an unusual type. He is particularly happy when drawing birds or animals, and some of his most delightful cartoons deal with the humours of "la chasse." Since his marriage to a very charming Russian girl, Caran d'Ache has forsaken Bohemia and Bohemian ways. He has become a citizen of Passy, and his dainty "hôtel," built from plans drawn by himself, is within two minutes' walk of the Bois de Boulogne. The studio, which is modestly concealed at the back of the house, is reached through Madame Caran d'Ache's Louis XVI. boudoir, and is a very fine room, lined with



A STUDY IN SILHOUETTE.

Drawn by Caran d'Ache.

simply framed examples of black-and-white. Caran d'Ache is very eclectic in his tastes, and he specially delights in the work of Dudley Hardy and Phil May, while, perhaps, some of his pleasantest hours are spent over his weekly budget of English illustrated and comic papers. As is natural, Caran d'Ache has a great belief in the future of black-and-white, but he shows a genuine appreciation of the coloured art of the boardings, and expresses special pleasure in the work of Chérêt and of Lautrec.

Of late years Caran d'Ache has set the fashion of "Albums," booklets of cartoons devoted to some special fad, social or political, of the moment. He also contributes a half-page of satirical sketches to the *Figaro* once a week, and, were it not that he is a very conscientious worker, he could easily treble his income by increasing his yearly output of humorous cartoons.

The pictures reproduced on this page and the next two are typical of different styles of Caran d'Ache's art and humour. Nothing could be more striking in its way than the silhouette of the artillery team which is herewith given; while his line work, as shown in the four attitudes of Don Quixote, is equally good. The first two might well pass for real portraits of the doughty Don as he pores over the book that incited him to deeds of derring-do; the other two belong to the region of sheer burlesque, and yet they are admirable in their way. His colour work, again, is always clever and to the point, as any of his "Albums" will show you; while his burlesques of military types, which he does for private patrons, are instinct with humour. He has, of course, many imitators, both in this country—names would be invidious—and, especially, in America, while among French caricaturists his mode has been extensively followed. And yet his imitators are, as a whole, but poor hands. Caran d'Ache, in short, stands unmistakably alone, for he possesses in a high degree the incommunicable gift of originality, and the rarer gift of real humour of conception and treatment.



DON QUIXOTE.

DRAWN BY CARAN L'AMOR.



DON QUIXOTE.

DRAWN BY CARAN D'ACHE.

A RETROSPECTIVE MONKEY.

Great Scot! don't tell me wimmen is allus right! I know different. W'y, it's only th' other day Mary—my missis—were dead wrong. "Now, yer will be careful, won't yer, Jim?" says she, a-tyin' a big red comforter round the young 'un's neck. "Careful?" says I; "I believe yer, me boy!" as Mr. Paul Bedford used ter say ter Mr. Bob Keeley. Lord! Lord! wot days they did 'ave in them times! Yer see, my old mother 'ad been er great trick-act rider, till she 'ad a haccident, an' after that, as fer back as Madam Celeste's day, she got inter the wardrobe at the Adelphy, and "went on"—one er "the guests," yer know. Lord! she wor' allus as jolly an' as gentle as a sand-boy, an' used ter tell us kids all about, before she was married, seein' Madam playin' th' Indian Girl an' afterwards dancin' the gavotte in w'ite satin. An' w'en she come 'ome from th' theater she 'd 'ave 'er little drop er cold gin, an' sing to us wee uns (a-sittin' up in bed a-eatin' th' 'ot baked taters she 'd bring us) "Down hamong th' Green Bushes," in 'er sweet voice. "Miss Fitzgerald did sing it that beautiful," says she, a-wipin' 'er heyes. "Ow did I cum ter be in th' purfesh? Well, yer see, I was brought up a bit sensitive an' with 'er taste fer th' dramer; an' bein' rather tender-hearted like—takin' after father, who got killed one night a-carryin' out a old blind woman from a fire—I thought I'd like ter be a aerobat or a pantomimist. So one Christmas I gits on at Covent Garden as a supe, an' 'ad ter do er little "bizness" with th' clown. An' Mr. Payne 'e says ter me, says 'e, "W'y don't yer go in fer it?" An' I does—goes prentiss, an' in me spare time did little odd jobs an' 'elped mother what I could with the kids. But, yer see, I was a bit old fer a reg'ler wonder; besides, I'd got it on me mind ter play a monkey. Mother said as 'ow she couldn't account for it, 'cept it wor' she went one Monday to the Zoological Gardens, afore I was born. Dad didn't want 'er ter go in the Monkey 'Ouse, but, woman-like, she would.

W'en I was sixteen I could play a monkey for all 'e was worth. I got engaged with a troupe, an' they giv' me a good screw—well, good fer them days; it's different now. We worked all the 'alls in the provinces. Then a manager over from America see us, an' we played thro' th' States. When we gits back ter London I fixes up mother in 'er chandler's shop jest behind "Hashley's." Lord, she could nearly smell th' sawdust, an' quite 'ear th' 'osses, an' it did 'er good. "Makes me young agin," says she. Then our troupe gets er turn at th' Halthambra. An' wot d' yer think? I falls in love with my missis—Mary Mason—a good little gal, in th' back row o' th' ballet. Well we gits married five year ago come ter-morrer, an' we 'as two kids—both boys. Th' second one was sickly and died. But, bless your 'eart, Tommy, the oldest, jest a-risin' four—well, two, talk about a munk! W'y, 'e on'y wanted er tail. W'en 'e wor' two-year 'e 'ung an' clang onter everything, and nearly frightened 'is mother inter fits. Well, I 're 'ad 'im with me in my act fer about three months. (Another glass? I don't mind if I do. Talkin' s dry work. More soda, please.) An' last week I gits leave from my boss ter play fer th' "ben" of a old pal o' mine down th' East-End way. Now that night Mary seemed ter reg'lar 'ugger-mugger over Tommy. "Wot's th' matter, mother?" says I. "Oh, nuthin'—I—I dunno, Jim," says mother. An' I could 'a' swore she was a-goin' ter cry. Then she broke out quite fierce like. "Don't let that there Bob Bracy 'ave nothin' ter do with th' ropes," says she. Bob was th' 'ead carpenter at th' 'all we was due at, an' a old sweetheart of Mary's—she "chucked" 'im fer me. "W'y, Bob's all right, mother," says I. "I dunno," says she. "I shouldn't like ter trust Tommy with 'im," says she. "Yer know 'e allus swore he 'd git even." Well, after a minute: "It's time you was gone. Lord love 'im!" says she, a-givin' th' young 'un a extra kiss an' another turn o' th' comforter.

When we gits ter th' 'all it was pretty late; crammed with people an' full o' smoke. Tommy seemed a bit sleepy, but perks up w'en I puts 'is monkey dress on 'im. "Ow's th' little man?" says I. "All right, dadda," says 'e. I gives 'im to a woman ter 'old while I goes on th' stage ter see th' tackle was all right, 'specially a little trapeze of Tommy's covered with 'leaves an' flowers which was fixed centre o' the stage, way up in the flies. There was Master Bob, as busy as any bee. But 'e 'd bin 'avin' a drop, I could see. "Well, Jimmy, ole man," says 'e, an' grins at me like a 'hipperpotamus, or a 'iena, or a Cheshur cat—(Bob hain't no beauty)—"ow's the missis?" "She's all right," says I. "There ain't no flies on 'er," says I. "You're a lucky 'un, you are," says 'e. "Mary ought ter 'a' bin my missis," says 'e. "Mrs. Jobson, if you please," says I, "an' not Mary." "Well, you're getting damn portickler," says 'e; "but yer won't allus 'ave it yer own way," says 'e. "All ready! Stand by, Bukey," sings out th' stage-manager. "Right you are, boss," says Bob, lookin' at me evil like. "Ting-ting" goes th' bell, up rolls the curtain. Th' scene, a jungle, with ropes of big red flowers a-climb'n' up an' 'angin' from th' great palms, cocoa-nuts, and banana trees. I must say as 'ow Bob 'ad fixed it fast-rate. Th' band strikes up, an' th' music somehow gits inter one's blood. With Tommy hangin' round my neck, I do a lot o' turns an' jumps an' headers an' flying leaps. Then th' little munk, screamin', falls headlong, an' on'y saves 'isself by catchin' onter my tail. Lord, you should 'ear the people stamp an' rave an' laugh! But one woman faints. Then I takes th' little 'un in me arms, an' we swings an' swings; an' I gives 'im a banana, an' we chatter monkey fashion—chatter, chatter; an' 'e throws

a cocoa-nut, an' I dodges; then 'e bolts, an', hidin' behind the flowers, pelts me. An', in a reg'lar rage, an' 'issin' and shriekin', I does all my big flights, an' gits off with no end of applause. Th' little munk pops out 'is little 'ead an' does 'is little act on 'is little trapeze; then "cheep," "cheep," chatter, begins ter whimper and worry, an' looks out fer poppa. But poppa ain't there (it's all part o' the play, yer know); an' 'e leans an' leans over an' over till all the mothers' 'earts is in their mouths, an' they 'olds on tight ter th' seats in front on 'em. 'E's sich a little 'un, yer see. "Oh, 'e'll fall!" An' 'e do fall, an' catches with one hand, slips agin, an' 'angs by one foot. Th' tiny arms is stretched out, th' tiny body swings. Th' baby munk chatters an' jabbbers with fright. "For th' good Lord's sake, somebody catch 'im!" cries a woman's voice. That's my cue. Bang! I'm shot up a trap, shot up twenty feet in the air. I leap an' fly from bough to bough. The little munk screams. I look up an' see—what! The baby munk swingin' in th' air, an' there, among the gas battens, is Bob Bracy, 'is red, evil face all a-workin', leanin' over—out o' th' flies—a big, shinin' knife in 'is 'and—My God! he's cuttin' th' rope—Tommy's rope. I shall be too late. Th' strength goes out o' me. Millions o' lights is in me eyes. There's a red mist an' smoke. Th' sea—millions o' seas—is beatin' in me ears—on me 'ead; beatin' me back—back. Me breath stops. I choke—suffocate! Me eyes grow dim. I can't see. I am blind. Me knees tremble. I stretches out me arms, but can't find th' ropes. I try to speak; no sound. I tries again—"Dear God, 'ave mercy!—'is mother!—on 'is mother—" Then sudden th' strength comes back. I fly. Tommy falls. As I catches him there's a crash in the orchestra. The people scream. Th' rope parts, an' down, down into depths unknown we go—Tommy an' me together.

"Better, ole man?" says a voice. "'Ere, drink it up, deary"—an' a woman was a-holdin' my 'ead, an' I could smell brandy.

"Open yer eyes, dadda." I opened 'em. There was Tommy, dressed ter go 'ome, an' 'is big red comforter round 'is neck. There was Bob, with 'is right 'and tied up, an' lookin' rather pale.

"Wot's th' matter, mate?" says I, pointin' to it.

"Oh, on'y a bit of a burn. Yer see, a nipple 'ad fell out o' th' batten close ter Tommy's rope, an' th' scene caught. I couldn't cut it away in time, so I 'as ter tear it, an' got er bit scorched. But th' little 'un's all right—ain't yer, Tommy? Lord love 'im! I'd a-rather lose both me arms than anythink should 'a' happened ter Tommy—ter Mary's baby," says 'e, a-pattin' th' kid's 'ead.

Well, yer see, Bob's 'and were wuss than 'e thought—'e's bin a "houster" at th' 'ospital fer a week. But it's our weddin'-day ter-morrer, an' Bob's a-comin' ter pick er bit o' grub with us. Give us a light, Miss, will yer?—my pipe's gone clean out. Thank yer.

My missis cries w'en she thinks on it; says she's a-goin' ter cut up 'is dinner fer 'im, an' kiss 'im, cos she was mistook, an' cos o' wot 'e did fer Tommy.

EMILY SOLDENE.

THE PROFESSIONS.

A DRINKING-SONG.

Come, fill up your bumpers; come, fill while you may;
Leave old maiden-aunts for to preach and to pray—
From morning to evening to fag at a trade,
To wag to and fro with a love-heavy head,
'Twill ne'er do for me, says I.

The doctor he boasted to blow up life's spark,
But forgot all the while that he blew in the dark:
If I join them at all it will be as a quack;
Thus surest and soonest behind us we tack
This world of gulls, says I.

Next came a bigwig with his keen, piercing looks,
No wit in his head—it was all in "the books."
His hair it was grey, and his cheeks they were fallow,
His brain stiff as leather, his heart had lain fallow;
He'll not do for me, says I.

A learn'd theologian next came in my way,
Like a toad in a stone he sat moping all day—
They may driven and snivel their ah! and their oh!
Give me to enjoy what the kind gods bestow
In this world of care, says I.

Next came a professor and read me a lecture
On old lusty Romans, himself like a spectre—
They may hem! and may ha! at their *Amo-Amas*,
Give me a good smack of a bonny Scotch lass,
Oh! she's the true Helen, says I.

Then away to the devil with thought and with care!
Let's ramble at random through life's garden fair,
Leave others to nibble and gnaw at the crust,
Be glad when we may, and be sad when we must,
Oh! that's the potatoe, says I.



AN ARMENIAN PATRIARCH.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A FORTUNATE FIASCO.

BY CHARLES N. KLEIN.

He was very anxious; he was exceedingly nervous. All night he lay awake with throbbing brain and palpitating heart, and he would have broken down entirely but for the one idea which pervaded and sustained his being. The next day his fate would be decided. On the morrow he would know whether the world recognised in him a musician worthy to enter its foremost ranks of composers; on the morrow, moreover, he would learn the secret of Dorienne's heart—Dorienne, whose love seemed to him a finer gift than all the adulation that fame could bring.

And now the morrow had dawned; Dorienne's answer had come; and, although he never quite remembered how he arrived there, he was already in his seat at the conductor's desk waiting for the signal to commence the opera upon which he had spent many weary months of toilsome labour.

It was for Dorienne he had laboured all those months, to lay at her feet a name ringing with the people's praises, a position worthy of her and of the brilliant loveliness which had made her a queen ere she had passed her nineteenth year.

Then, unable to wait, and fearing that a failure might affect his chance of winning her, he had written, entreating her to put his doubts at an end and at once make him either the happiest or the most miserable man in the world.

The reply had come as he was leaving his chambers for the theatre on the evening of the first performance of his opera. "The Lord of Venus," it was called, and, though it could not be termed a refusal, it was about as much of a rejection as anything but an acceptance would be.

Had things been as they are (the young lady wrote). We have been so content. Why consider a new state just yet? No tell you the truth, Ferdinand, I scarcely know my own mind. Give me time to consider this all-important question. You would not wish me to decide hastily. Only a few weeks, that is all I ask, and in the meantime let us be the same good friends we have always been. In any case, please believe that I am very sensible of the honour you have done me in inviting me to become your wife. Yours ever sincerely, Dorienne.

PS.—I shall be at the Opera with mamma to-night, and, of course, we both wish you to come.

Ferdinand himself thought of this letter as he sat waiting in the orchestra; his little, diamond-studded hand waiting stood out clearly before his vision, its calm, cold words swam across his eyes—"I scarcely know my own mind. Give me time. . . . Let us be the same good friends we have always been. . . . Only a few weeks."

"A few weeks!" An eternity! Oh, for patience, for forbearance! Not more than either of those he wanted—success—success and time, and a name! Dorienne would not hesitate then.

"Her own mind!" Was she waiting for this evening's result? Was she afraid to plight her truth in case there should be a fiasco to-night? The thought gave the young man infinite pain, and he tried to banish it from his mind.

When a sudden anger against her willfulness filled him. He turned his head slightly to see if she had arrived.

Yes, there she was, in a little box on the grand tier, her mother sitting beside her, and some man whom he did not know standing behind her, gazing down at him with his open-glance to his eyes.

Ferdinand grew yet more angry as he noted the expression of absolute content that lay on Dorienne's charming young face—a face which, in its superb beauty, had always attracted him as a budding rose in perfume, palest pink. How could she be so indifferent when with him so much was at stake? Was it not a terrible sign that her inmost feelings had been untouched by his appeal?

Yet, if he could only have known how, under that mask of carelessness, the heart of Dorienne was beating almost to suffocation in her anxiety for her loved one's success, and that the flush on her cheeks was wholly due to suppressed excitement, Ferdinand would have been a less creditable man at this moment.

As it was, he was conscious only of a vague sense of apprehension, and the nervousness he felt nearly overpowered him.

The hardest task to a favourable interpretation of the young composer's work were numerous. The most he had been able to do was to obtain for it a first hearing during an autumn season at the National Opera House, when none but second-rate artists were taking part in the performances; and he knew only too well that, unless the prima donna who was singing for him improved vastly upon the final rehearsal, most of his music would fail to be understood by the critical public.

His fears redoubled when at last—the prelude being over and the curtain drawn up—his *opera* stepped forward and sang her opening phrases distinctly and at once and without the nervousness which he had taken such pains to warn her.

The first act was received with goodtempered spirit by the crowded house, but the second with more toleration. Ferdinand sat conducting, as in a dream, his face, usually full of youthful brightness, now ashen-pale and drawn with anxiety.

His anxiety, from beginning to end, was a dangerous thing: the principals came and all were out of voices; the chorus went wrong; the orchestra played in a half-brained manner that was sufficiently damning in itself;

and his music, robbed of all its intrinsic beauty and poetic grace, fell flat and sounded dull and meaningless. When the curtain dropped upon the last act, Ferdinand was forced to pass through an ordeal such as he hoped never to undergo a second time during his life.

Long and ironical cries rang through the house, but for some time the distracted composer refused to obey the summons. Determined, however, to exact its bitter penalty, the audience continued to call, and at length Ferdinand bowed to his fate. He met the storm of derision with which he was received bravely and without flinching, and there were few among that merciless crowd who understood by the look of pain on his deathly face what he was really suffering in that moment of cruel and agonising disappointment.

Ferdinand went home at once to his rooms in Westminster, and, throwing himself down into an easy-chair, began to think over the events of the evening.

A stern resentment rose in him against the fate that had proved so unkind. He had toiled so earnestly over his first opera, and he knew, without conceit, that it contained much beauty of idea and conception. Given proper treatment and produced under more favourable conditions, it might have proved a success; whereas, it had been the direst failure. London was laughing at him, deriding his lack of talent, his want of musicianly skill; and, worst of all, no doubt, Dorienne was joining in the laugh.

Dorienne! Ah! of course, he had lost her now for ever. How sensible she had been to wait before giving her answer!

Full of scorn, he cast from him the thought of the girl he had loved. To his distorted imagination, she appeared as being the no longer named Dorienne, but hated with all his soul. No woman should spoil his career, mar the less a woman so unworthy as the one to whom he had kindled these heart and offended the devotion of a life. And, if he had failed in his first general effort, very soon would he give the world cause to sing praises of him and his work. He would rise from the ordinary commonplace position which he now occupied to one of fame and renown; no coward was he that he should shrink under the burden of an disappointment such as had been his to-night.

Suddenly he started. A shadow fell across the lamplight in the room; a hand touched him; someone had entered noiselessly; he was no longer in solitude with his thought.

He sprang from his seat, gazing at the graceful form which, in its snowy draperies and flower-decked hair, seemed to him like some beautiful dream, far too exquisite and sweet to be real.

"Dorienne!" he gasped. "You here—alone?"

The girl's eyes dropped and a wave of crimson colour swept over her face as she spoke.

"I have come to give you your answer," she said shyly. "Mamma wanted me to wait, but I knew what you must be feeling after what you went through to-night, and so I persuaded her to call here on the way home. Mamma is waiting below in the carriage."

She paused, and Ferdinand understood vaguely that she was waiting for him to speak. After a moment he did so, but his voice was so harsh and bitter that he scarcely recognised it as his own.

"Were you so kind," he said, "that you could not put off even until to-morrow the news of your decision? You might have spared yourself the trouble of coming here to-night. I know already that which you would tell me. You waited for my failure and now you would add to my suffering."

"Ferdinand!"

The girl's clear young voice rang out in the room with a passionate cry, and the colour left her cheeks as she turned upon him with flashing eyes.

"Ferdinand, you are wrong— unjust. It is true that yesterday I did not wholly know my own mind, but to-night, when you came upon the stage and faced those howling wretches alone, and with such courage, my heart went out to you. The world's depreciation of your great talent wounded me to the core, and in that moment I understood that I loved you, that I could be no man's wife but yours. This is what I came to tell you, Ferdinand, and I hoped that it might in some measure prevent your brooding too much over your ill-luck. But as I am not woman—"

She turned to go, but the man caught her hand and detained it in his.

"Oh, my love, my Dorienne!" he murmured, "forgive me! I have been mad. I knew not what I was thinking. Come close to my heart and put your hand near mine, so that I may realise it is not a dream. I love you! All I have liked for and worked for since I first saw you has been for you, and you alone, and I thought I had lost you—I never imagined that you could be mine after—"

Dorienne interrupted him with a little humorous laugh. "The point of most importance at this moment is that we are keeping mamma waiting. Don't you think you had better come and have supper with us, Ferdinand? Come!"

He bent and kissed her rosy, laughing face; then, hand in hand, the two walked downstairs out to the carriage, where, doubtless, dreaming of the time when she too had basked in the sunshine of "Dorienne's young dream," sat, patiently waiting, Ferdinand's future mother-in-law.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The difficulty which exists in the choosing of a new President of the Royal Academy, however deplorable, is one which has nevertheless a very real existence. It appears that among that august body two members alone are considered (as it were, out of hand) to be fit for the position, Mr. Watts and Mr. Orchardson. Both these gentlemen, it seems, have been approached upon the matter, and in each case with the same precise result. Mr. Watts suggests that his age is against

reproduced here, together with a portion of the marble chair upon which it is seated and its magnificent background of mosaic. There, hard by the many lights that encircle the tomb of St. Peter and St. Paul, under the great dome which Michael Angelo threw into the air, the worn foot receives the innumerable kisses of the Catholics of the world. In the reproduction the peculiar roundness into which the lips of so many have moulded the metal may be clearly discerned.



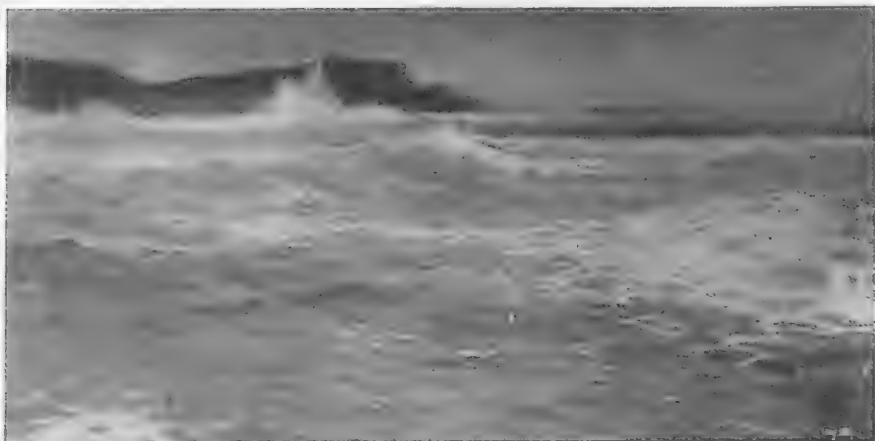
A BRONZE STATUE OF ST. PETER, IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.

him, and Mr. Orchardson maintains that the social duties of the Presidency will interfere too seriously with his artistic labours. A natural point arises as to whether a President's artistic duties *should* be interfered with on account of social engagements. A President may, indeed, prefer to make the sacrifice; but it need not surely be imperatively necessary. If it were, why in truth choose your President from an artistic point of view at all? Why, even, select him from the Academy at all? If Mr. Orchardson persist in his refusal, these are questions that become quite pertinent.

The bronze statue of St. Peter which, dating from the fifth century, and awaiting the veneration of all the Catholics that pass through Rome, stands in St. Peter's, in the Vatican, is famed not so much for the beauty of its art as for the homage which it has received. It is

The statue itself will be familiar to many who have not seen it by the great number of its copies which are preserved in so many Catholic churches of all countries.

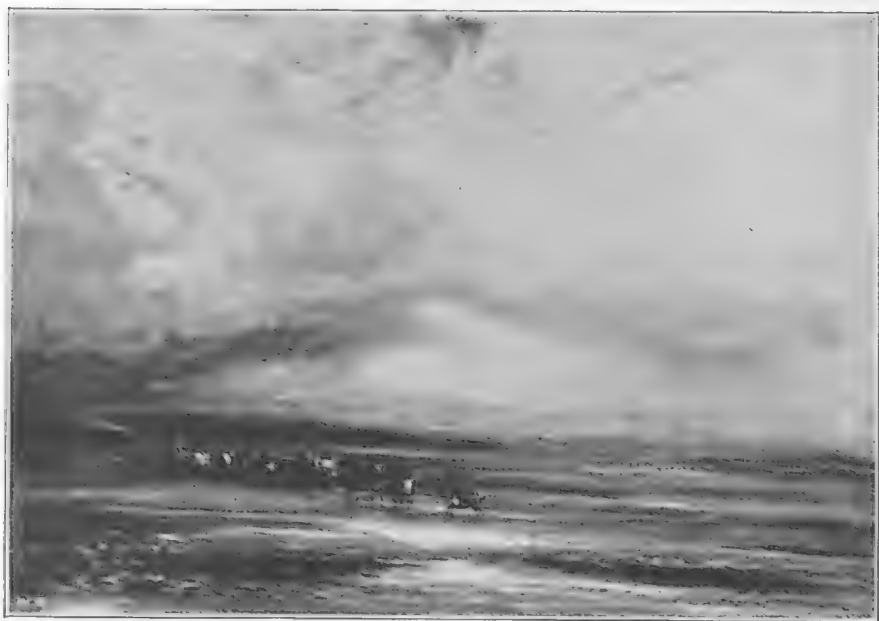
Messrs. George Bell and Sons are publishing what is described as "an unique work," which certainly should prove very interesting to the art world, in an edition consisting of 500 copies only—namely, a collection of portraits and sketches by Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, entitled "Men and Women of the Century." The book will be edited with an introduction and short biographical notices by Mr. H. C. Marillier. The collection includes the very extensive series of portraits of people who have sat to Mr. Lehmann between the years 1847 and 1895, and, with a very few exceptions, these portraits have never been reproduced before. The volume will contain twelve photogravures from paintings,



Where the wild Atlantic surges
Rush with headlong race to shore.
BY REGINALD SMITH.

and about seventy facsimile reproductions of the drawings in half-tone, some printed in colours, and all executed by the Swan Electric Engraving Company. Very various indeed, and from very diverse classes of life, are the sitters whom Mr. Lehmann has delineated. A partial list has been issued, from which an interesting little selection may be made. Among royalties come the Prince of Wales, to head the list, and the late Emperor Frederick; among statesmen, Mr. Gladstone; among churchmen, Pius IX. and Cardinal Manning; among musicians, Verdi, Gounod, Chopin, Liszt, Meyerbeer, Massenet, and Joachim; among writers, Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Dickens, James Russell Lowell, George Henry Lewes, Bret Harte, Von Ranke, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and Mr. Henry James; among artists, the two last Presidents of the Academy; among scientists, Sir Henry Bessemer; and among lawyers Lord Russell of Killowen. The list might, indeed, be almost indefinitely extended, but here are names enough for the moment. Many of the portraits will have a special interest from the changes that have come upon faces since the days of the original sittings. A case is given in point of the comparison which may be made between the portrait of Browning in his late years and the early sketch done in 1859. There is a portrait, too, of the late Sir John Millais done in 1868, and of Mr. G. F. Watts in 1868, and of Liszt in 1849. The book is likely to be something of a *locus classicus* in portraiture.

The third volume of Mather's "History of Modern Painting" has just been issued by Messrs. Henry and Co., and a very noble work it is. He divides it into two categories, "The Painters of Life" and "The New Idealists." Under the first heading he discusses very fully, with evident point and significance, the present state of art in the various countries of the world. Under the second, England, Germany, and France are reckoned, and a special chapter is thrown in upon "Whistler and the Scotch Painters." It would, of course, be absurd to discuss within the brief limits of a paragraph the scope and issue of Herr Mather's volume, which extends over a vast amount of work done by an immense number of artists. The book itself contains between eight and nine hundred large octavo pages, and is adorned by profuse illustrations, most of which are admirably reproduced.



BEAL SANDS, HOLY ISLAND.—JAMES ORROCK.

It only remains to say that a cursory turning-over of these pages proves the author to be learned not only in his own particular subject, but also, like most Germans, in the general philosophy of the world.

Three sea-pieces by different artists are reproduced here this week, illustrating various aspects of the sea. Mr. Reginald Smith's "Where the wild Atlantic surges rush with headlong race to shore" indicates with great skill the rising up of the waters as from some under-pressure; Mr. Waterlow, as is usual, is all peaceful in his "Clouds o'er the Sea." The lovely landscape fills the greater portion of the foreground, and the joining of the water with the land is exquisitely suggested. Mr. Orrock's "Beal Sands" is rather a bold rendering of actual facts. The three make an admirable contrast.

The Chiswick Press has just issued an album of twenty-four reproductions of paintings by M. and Madame C. A. de l'Aubinière, called "The Poetry of Kew," the first copy of which has been accepted by the Queen. The paintings may be seen at the North Gallery, Royal Gardens, Kew, and the reproductions are certainly admirable. Few people are probably so much as aware of the great beauty which can be extracted from a suburb so close to all of us. There is one charming scene of a little house, set among trees and in the wild, lovely grass, against the clear brightness of a perfect sky, just chequered by a flight of swallows; another with two solemn poplars standing beside placid waters, and



CLOUDS O'ER THE SEA.—E. A. WATERLOW.

with distant suggestion of trees, has the aspect of a virgin solitude. The process used in the reproduction is the invention of Count Ostrogor.

The Munich art-weekly, *Jugend*, continues to thrive, and in the hands of Messrs. Grevel, the foreign booksellers of King Street, Covent Garden, may expect to gain a popularity in this country which it would otherwise lack. It is the best representative of decadence in Deutschland—not that it is improper in any way, but its art is distinctly quaint. Its coloured cover, each week with a different design, is admirably conceived and executed. It is well worth getting a specimen copy (it is published at thirty pfennige) as an example of a new development in German art.

Apuntes, the new Madrid weekly on the same lines, is distinctly inferior in every way. The paper is thin, and the process-work comes out very unsatisfactorily. Of course, these are remediable defects. Meantime, it is interesting to note the advance of art as illustrated in these two weeklies, which are quite novel for the countries they represent.

The removal of the statue of Mr. Bright from the precincts of Parliament is practically decided upon. After the refusal of a site at Oxford to the Newman statue, and this fiasco in the case of the Bright, there may perhaps be a little less willingness on the part of memorial committees to rush into marble. Frankly, the condition of sculpture in this country does not favour this particular method of honouring the dead any more than our climate does. For the most part, the statues London already possesses are objects of ridicule, and it seems a pity that we should be perpetually adding to their number. The promoters of the Sir Augustus Harris memorial will do well to bear these stern truths in mind.

The success of Amalia Küssner has been likened in America to that of Angelica Kauffmann, who had only to appear in London for that "sober old town straightway to run mad with paint"; and once again, in an incredibly short time, Society has been conquered by the power of a

Lady Helen Vincent, Melba, and many more. Perhaps a little of Miss Küssner's success is due to her talent for dress. All her sitters wear picturesque garments—now a mantle clasped on the shoulders with gems, or a drapery that, indefinite as it may be, suggests the Romney or



LADY DUDLEY.



LADY FÉO STURT.



LADY COLEBROOKE.

palette and brush. Miss Küssner's name as an artist had, however, already been made in America, where she was doing miniatures of the transatlantic belles at the price of a hundred pounds each; and these miniatures were so exquisitely and brilliantly done that they had only to be seen to arouse a desire in others to be similarly treated. The artist, who is an American, brought an introduction to Mrs. Arthur Paget, who straightway used her influence, which is great, to make her a *personâ grata* in the fashionable world. In the first instance, some of the miniatures Miss Küssner had already done were shown to Sir John Millais, and found a place in the Royal Academy, where, perhaps, the one most admired is the presentment of a lady in a mantle of rose velvet edged with ermine, which is falling from her slender shoulders. Then, when nine miniatures of English beauties had been completed, Mrs. Paget gave a "tea" to exhibit them, and this resulted in more orders, as over fifty of her friends responded to her invitations, and all (including several artists who were present) were full of admiration for the work. Since Miss Küssner has been in England (only three months) she has completed a miniature of the Duchess of Marlborough, who was so pleased with it that she promptly ordered two more; one of Mrs. Arthur Paget, who is lovely, all in white with white roses, and this is rimmed daintily with pearls; one of Lady Féo Sturt, which is supposed to be the best likeness of her which has ever been done; a very pretty one of the Countess of Dudley, all in white; one of Lady Colebrooke, with a string of pearls round her throat and lilies-of-the-valley at her breast; one of Madame von André,

the Gainsborough styles, but more often she imagines for her sitters a wreathing of airy, fairy white tulle caught together and held down with roses, and sometimes a head is painted without the ordinary background of blue sky and clouds, and stands out clear as a cameo on the white ivory surface. Miniatures went out of fashion years ago, and were only creeping back again into favour by slow degrees when this little lady—who is quite young and wonderfully French in her methods and appearance—came to London to make them the rage.



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

The report of the Examiners for the national competition of Schools of Science and Art Classes is instructive. Special attention may be called to the dictum on drawing from the living model, the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and Mr. W. F. Yeames having been the Examiners. They repeat the remark of last year that "they still have to deplore a considerable number of over-black drawings, such as have been complained of in former years." Although it seems somewhat inconsistent that the Examiners should award a Bronze Medal to the work by Henry J. Peacock, of Devizes School of Art, who is one of the worst offenders in this respect, the sincerity of the drawing, combined with great appreciation of character, has compelled them to recognise these high merits. The Examiners are so much disappointed with the drawings of heads sent from the National Art Training School that they are unable to make any awards. The Examiners are much disappointed with the quality and number of the drawings of hands and feet which are submitted, and which show



MRS. ARTHUR PAGET.



MISS MURIEL WILSON.



MADAME VON ANDRÉ.

in a wonderful "picture" garment, with green ribbons round her waist; and one of Miss Muriel Wilson, with pink roses; while among others who are going to sit for her are the Duchess of Portland, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Duchess of Sutherland, Georgina Countess of Dudley,

considerable falling off even from former years. They would recommend teachers to turn the attention of their students to this class of work, as it would be a pleasure to the Examiners to be able to make more awards for a branch of study which is of so great importance.



A TEMPTING OFFER.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.



AN UNHAPPY DECISION.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

THE PRINCE AT HOMBURG.

Homburg in its buildings and springs slightly resembles Harrogate and Buxton; but it has many characteristics distinct from these English Spas. It is, nevertheless, dominated by our homely adage, "Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise." The old gambling spirit that turned night into day and squandered fortunes in the Kurhaus is dead. An hour before midnight the streets of Homburg are as deserted

as the thoroughfares in the Chinese city described in "The Golden Butterfly." It is absolutely necessary to retire to rest early, so that you may rise at dawn to drink the waters. The Prince of Wales sets the example, and everybody follows it. His Royal Highness arrived at Ritter's Hotel a fortnight ago, and has been conspicuous for his punctual visits to the Elizabeth Well every morning. He rises at six o'clock, and, attired in dark-blue serge, or lighter blue cloth, and a soft brown or grey hat, strolls down the Beech Avenue to the spring. There is no fuss at his coming. The water is handed to him in a quaintly shaped glass on a silver salver. He drinks it, sits on the parapet of the well, and chats with the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, the Duke of Sparta, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Sir Edward Lawson, Mr. George Lewis, or other friend, and then strides vigorously away either with or without companion.

He desires no homage, and is fond of exploring the by-paths of the beautiful park, or of sitting alone on the seat at the extreme end of the covered way near the palm-house. In his morning visit to the well he takes two or three glasses of the sparkling waters, and has derived much benefit from the modern Pool of Siloam, to which rich and poor, the people of every land, come for health's sake. The Elizabeth Well water is particularly efficacious for gout and obesity. It is not very unpalatable; rather, peculiar in taste. Those who find it impossible to spend a holiday at Homburg might easily imagine they were taking the water if they drank soda-water mixed with salt. The flavour, with courage and custom, soon becomes pleasant, and there is no doubt that the Elizabeth spring is a drastic cleanser and a reducer of weight. The Prince is much thinner and more agile than on the day of his arrival, and he promises to be the best pedestrian in the park.

Homburg before breakfast is an instructive sight. While the luggage-porters are standing smoking cigars in the hotel-yards, and the cleaners are sweeping the streets with besoms, and the dogs are dragging in the little milk-carts from the adjacent farms, the pavements are thronged with fashionable people on their way to the wells, chiefly to

the day is devoted to drives, garden-parties, and physical recreation. The prettiest haunt near Homburg is the Grosser-Tannenwald, the fir wood that lies in the lap of the Taunus Mountains. Its avenues of lofty pines are impressively picturesque, like the aisles of a great cathedral; and the pine-scented breeze and the trellis-work the sunlight and shadow make in the forest are alike exquisite. The majority of the visitors, however, do not explore so far. They are content with the music in the Kur Gardens, or with the life and movement in the lawn-tennis courts, or the pleasures of bicycling and golfing. Literature, too,



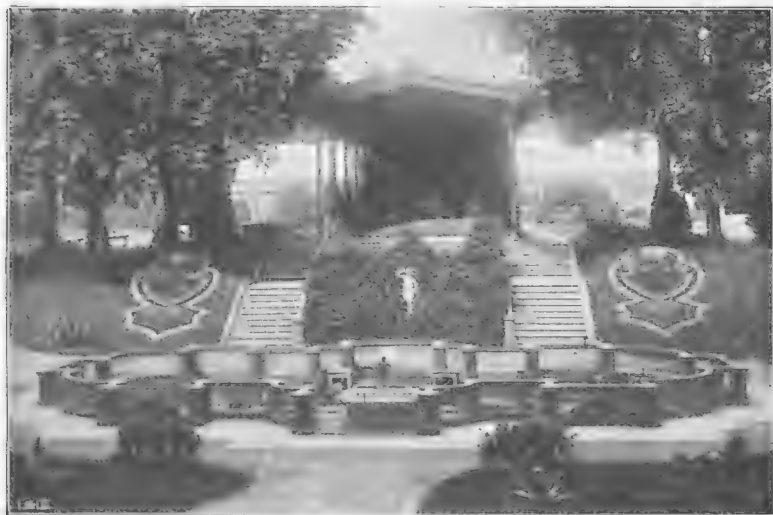
THE PRINCE.



RITTER'S HOTEL.

has its charm for many. Tauchnitz has made the latest novels easily obtainable, either by purchase or at the circulating libraries; and the German-English that appears in one or two of the catalogues is diverting. For instance, Mr. James Payn will be interested to know that one of his most popular novels has for its title "By Broxy" instead of "By Proxy."

The Empress Frederick drove from her place at Cronberg, a few days ago, and called upon the Prince of Wales at Ritter's Hotel. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Greece have also visited him. The royal party after luncheon went to the lawn-tennis courts, and were much interested in Miss Lowther's expert play. Princes, dukes, lords, baronets, and knights are plentiful here; and there is ever a brilliant throng at lawn-tennis tournament, garden-party, or evening promenade in the Gardens. The other night the Gardens were specially illuminated, and the firework display reminded one of the Crystal Palace on a gala night. The Prince of Wales, accompanied by several distinguished guests, was present, and received respectful salutation from the crowd on the Terrace and the Broad Walk, while the fiery presentment of the British Crown flared brightly against the darkness and the military band played the National Anthem. But, after all, the Prince cares little for public demonstration.



THE ELIZABETH WELL.



THE TERRACE OF THE KUR GARDENS.

the Elizabeth Well, but some to the Kaiser, the Stahl, the Ludwigs, or the Louisen, all wells famous for different ailments. The early rising is a great wrench to the ordinary habit of English society; but it is bravely endured. One wonders at what small hour some of the ladies quitted their couches, for almost before the sun is up they are gliding through the park in the daintiest costumes, in lovely hats and toques, and carry bouquets of roses that still glisten with the morning dew. If these graceful English girls did not look so handsome and sweet, they would be under the suspicion of sitting up all night to be in time at the well. A great advantage of the Elizabeth Well is that the cure is a matutinal one. There is no need, except in a few rare cases, to bother with the water after luncheon. The remainder of

He has enough of it at home. He prefers to go unnoticed; and his happiest hour is in the forenoon, when he strolls along the Kaiser Friedrich Promenade with a cigar, or in the afternoon, when he finds an easy cane chair on the fringe of the lawn-tennis courts, and has a quiet chat with his friends. It is pleasant to be a prince anywhere; but it is delightful to be a prince at Homburg.

J. P.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



HE : In California we ride buck-jumpers.
SUE : Then you are always stag-hunting.



A LITTLE MIXED.

OLD LADY (*whose religious tendencies are High, inspecting tombstone she has ordered*): Yes, that will do nicely, Mr. Chipstone. I think, perhaps, I might have *R.S.V.P.* added at the bottom.



FLO : I see that an application of the Röntgen rays makes a baby's hair fall out.
GERTIE : Oh ! that accounts for the baldness of the front row of the ballet.



PARISHIONER : Do ye think if I left ony money tae the kirk I would get salvation ?
MINISTER : Weel, I wouldna like tae be positive, but it's weel worth trying.

GROUSE-SHOOTING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Photographs by C. Reid, Wishaw.

Not many days ago I had a talk with two of the oldest gamekeepers in the Highlands. Men of worth they were and are, though now age is heavy on them and they have retired from "a-chasing the wild deer and following the roe," pensioned by kindly masters. In their talk with me their minds went back over many an interesting incident in their careers. For purposes of this article, I drew them round every now and again to the subject of grouse-shooting; but, with uneasy persistency, one got round to fishing and the other to an exciting stalk. Of the modern sportsman they have, I fear, no high opinion, and in their view the present-day gamekeeper is also a Decadent. And their idea of things is quite understandable. During the past fifty years an immense change has come over Highland sport. Formerly, the Highland laird invited a few friends North to shoot over his estate. About the 'forties it came to be appreciated that the moors and mountains were valuable as shooting-grounds. Then began the setting-up of lodges, the killing of vermin, the multiplication of keepers—in fact, all that goes to keep in good order a modern shooting-ground. In old days, my good friends were careful to tell me, the sporting tenant had to rough it. There were no luxurious shooting-boxes. I was shown a picture of a lodge on the Gairloch Forest of that time: I could get as comfortable a house in a Highland village now for fifteen shillings a-week during the summer months. Glenquoich Lodge, now tenanted by Lord Burton, was then a mere "but and a ben and a closet"—not much better than the small farmer's dwelling of to-day. But that same lodge is now an extensive building; piece after piece has been added to the original cottage, till there has been evolved one of the most curious of shooting-lodges, but, for all that, a palace in the Highlander's eyes. The Duke of Westminster's palatial lodge at Lochmore in Sutherlandshire will show how the sportsman has supplied his own demand for all that

is of the best. "It is comfort, comfort everywhere," lamented one of my friends. And if it is so with the sportsman, the gamekeeper has likewise fallen upon easy days. It may be said with safety that now there are at least three gamekeepers to every one some forty years ago. Forests have been subdivided into beats, which would have gladdened an old-time keeper, and yet the modern keeper complains of hard work.

I have said that my friends shirked the topic of grouse-shooting.



ON THE LOOK-OUT.

There is no attraction in it for them, and their attitude is that of many a sporting Highlander. Stag-shooting, with its demand on the skill of the stalker, with its hazards and sometimes its dangers, appeals to the romantically inclined Gael. Grouse-shooting is tame beside the chase of the deer. It is a fact, indeed, that stalking increases while grouse-shooting diminishes in popularity. Apart from the reason given, there is this to be said, that, after a season in the forests, the sportsman has something to show. He can bring forth stuffed trophies or lead you through a perilous labyrinth of antlers. The grouse-shooter has his record, his number of brace; he is like the angler in this without the angler's fondness for a long cast or a weirdly big fish. The grouse is often stuffed, but there are no "points" to display, and the little brown bird, though "sonsie" and bonny, is not a striking object in a glass case.

An operative element in this unpopularity—the word is a little strong—of grouse-shooting is that in England it has become associated with driving. In the Highlands this mode of sport has almost died out in connection with stag-shooting, but with grouse the method grows more common. The rugged nature of the land in the Highlands, however, is much against driving, and then, too, birds are scarcer. Such elaborate drives as those organised in Yorkshire and Derbyshire would be impossible on most of the Highland moors. Still, the practice is not uncommon even among the old gentry of the North; it was during a drive on the Mackintosh of Mackintosh's moors that the late Lord Lovat was shot. The opinion of some experienced observers is that driving in the Highlands is an essentially bad thing for the grouse, and is



SOME SETTERS.

considerably more damaging than can possibly be the case in England, where birds are so much more plentiful.

"How can I develop my moor?" is the question of not a few sportsmen. I suppose a volume could be written in reply, and, without a doubt, this paper might be taken up with nothing else. Rules need not be tabulated here, but three that I got recently from an experienced gamekeeper may be given—burn the heather judiciously, destroy all vermin, and shoot the old cock-birds.

Heather-burning is used on deer-forests as well as grouse-moors, though I know that the proprietor of one of the largest forests in the Highlands regards the practice with great suspicion. This suspicion, however, does not hold good with regard to grouse-moors. In order to supply the birds with fresh feeding, the heather must be burnt. Neither stags nor grouse will eat the dry, decrepit plant heather becomes in its old age. But indiscriminate burning is worse than useless; the birds must be left some cover. The first thing to be discovered is how long heather takes to grow on certain land. I know a moor where the nature of the soil is so various that on one part you need not burn but every seven years; on another part five years is the period, while on another it is three. When you have ascertained the age of the heather's growth, burn in patches, so as to have a continuously young and tender crop.

Fifty years ago there was scarcely such a thing as keeping down vermin. The development of forests introduced the practice. Indeed, the shooting of vermin has been carried on to such an extent that the Highlands have been deprived of much of their charm. The polecat and marten cat are going or gone, the wild cat is scarce, the badger is being extinguished, and now the eagle has to be protected. This is lamentable in the extreme, and one can heartily sympathise with the complaints of the naturalist at the destruction of so many interesting and valuable birds and beasts. The eagle and the peregrine falcon are the most harmful to grouse, but all classes of vermin are kept rigorously down.

One of the most curious of recent experiments in natural history has been an attempt to tame grouse. A gamekeeper in Perthshire it was who made the trial, and it is an open question whether his action was wholly praiseworthy. Imagine tame grouse! The very idea is demoralising. But even in a decadent age such a result is unlikely, so the worship of the wild, shy little brown bird of the heather shall continue. St. Grouse is a dear deity—sometimes a fickle, but always worthy of the sportsman's worship.

J. M.

AT DIEPPE; A LOVE SONG.

The waves are white, the waves are green,
Pink, puce and black, ultramarine
And yellow.

The surf sings songs with piping notes,
The breakers surge about the boats
And bellow;

And on the strand, a patch of blue,
Perched close beneath her mother's view,
Who watches,

A ma'm'selle sits the whole day long,
While I for her compose this song
In snatches.

"O little maid a-sitting there,
By all that's French and *chic*, I swear
You're my love.

"'Tis true I do not know your name,
But, then, for that I'm not to blame—
Not I, love.

"The shrimper has a dowdy net,
The sea is fashionable, yet
He fishes;

"And when he brings his prey to shore
You trip towards him to explore—
Delicious,

"Delicious is the gay surprise
That dances sparkling in your eyes
At seeing

"The one poor shrimp which he has caught
A wretched little thing of naught,
A being

"Just like myself, who, lying here,
Was caught by you, my pretty dear,
And netted.

"Far better had I been away,
And watched the little horses play,
And betted.

"Since you won't love me, now I'll go
And once more the *petits chevaux*
I'll try, dear.

"Then if the horses only spin
In such a way that I may win,
Good-bye, dear."—F. NORREYS CONNELL.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

The very thinnest disguise hides the originals in "Mr. Magnus" (Unwin), the new South African novel that professes to expose the iniquities in the diamond town. A pretence at disguise is, however, I suppose, etiquette in such cases, and etiquette is, no doubt, satisfied by Camberton being written for Kimberley, rubies for diamonds, and Porters for De Beers. Mr. Magnus and Benjie Benoni have about as thin a veil thrown over them. Olive Schreiner and her husband, who should know something of South African affairs, are said to agree that the picture of life in Kimberley is an accurate one. Let us hope that they are seriously prejudiced in the matter and look at things in a morbid light. It would be pleasanter to think thus much harm of two good people than to be convinced of the truth of the anonymous writer's indictment. If it be true, then Kimberley has reached a point of degradation that has never been equalled by any money-grubbing community in modern times, and that is saying a good deal. Spying, lying, brutality, toadying, the arrest and ruin of innocent persons, are only a few of the counts. Gold and diamonds turn decent men into brutes too often, of course; but such wholesale and such varied demoralisation is beyond the conception of most people. Hardly a soul, save the English visitors, who are not interested in the mines, is allowed to be above the level of the convicts; and of any interest, save bullying and spying and money-grubbing, there is no sign. As a novel "Mr. Magnus" has little merit; but for portraiture the writer has considerable talent—or for caricature. The truth of the story would determine which name best describes his powers. A retort must surely come ere long from Kimberley, or perhaps from Holloway. It might solace the enforced leisure of some lonely prisoners there to write a counterblast, at least, to that portion which reflects on the character and the works of their friends, though no one has ever said they were tarred with the same brush.

Mr. John Ashton is a famous maker of books. "When William IV. was King" (Chapman) is the twenty-ninth on his list, which includes some capital stuff, "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne," "Chap-Books of the Eighteenth Century," "Hyde Park from Domesday Book to Date," "The Fleet, its River, Prison, and Marriages," all excellent and readable compilations, and a perfect boon to the writer of historical romance. The present book is made up of cuttings out of memoirs and newspapers of the time, and no kind of information is alien to its purpose, from Reform riots to smuggling and the stealing of children by Gipsies, from the adoption of light blue as the Cambridge colours to the Sobieski Stuarts, the visits of Paganini, and the beginning of the nigger school of minstrels. For desultory reading there is nothing better than scrappy history, and Mr. Ashton does not reject either the trifling or the serious, as such, but shoves any items in that have struck him as picturesque or curious or significant. It is not a history of the King, but glimpses of him are given from time to time playing the *bon bourgeois*, much to the horror of a good many people used to the rigidity of the last reign.

He comes unexpectedly and unattended as they are trooping the guard at St. James's, attired like a private gentleman, and nods graciously to the people, passes jokes with the officers, and tells the privates "they shall rise by their own merits."

He comes to town on the dicky of his own chariot.

He observes an old sailor upon the lamp-post, near Somerset House, who gets aloft "to look out for his captain" (old blue-trousers' own words), and he sends him enough to run it for a week.

This from the *Magazine of Fashion* in 1830.

Among the newspaper pickings on miscellaneous subjects are some that are gruesome enough. Readers of "The Mayor of Casterbridge" may have thought that Mr. Hardy described a rare and nearly an impossible incident in Henchard's selling his wife at Weydon Fair. But Mr. Ashton finds eleven such cases reported in the *Times* during William IV.'s reign, and they were not all likely to attain such publicity. He gives a ballad of the period on the subject, and quotes the newspaper accounts, which are very circumstantial. Henchard's sale was performed with decorum when compared with some of those that took place in real life. The parties concerned, too, did not always belong to what are called the lower orders. One lady is recommended in terms like these:—"She can make butter and scold the maid; she can sing Moore's melodies and plait her frills and caps. . . . She can read novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you can take a glass of ale when thirsty." Smuggling stories are always popular, and there are some good ones here. The illustrations are mainly reproductions of old caricatures, old fashion-plates, and, with the numerous, and pointed newspaper extracts, succeed excellently in sending us a whiff of the time when William IV. was King.

If the interest in antiquarianism may be gauged from the number of books that come out illustrating different aspects of local history, there is a distinct return to the lore of other days. Thus Messrs. Constable have published a capital six-shilling book on "London City Churches," by A. E. Daniel, with many illustrations (not always satisfactory) by Mr. Leonard Martin, and a few admirable photographs. Mrs. Basil Homes, again, has written the story of "The London Burial-Grounds" (Unwin), copiously illustrated and full of interesting matter. The "Historic Churches of Paris" are dealt with by Mr. Walter F. Lonergan (Downey and Co.), and very prettily illustrated by Mr. Brinsley S. Le Fanu. Such a combination of books on similar subjects appearing at almost the same time is significant surely of a certain type of taste.

O. O.

DONCASTER STATION ON ST. LEGER DAY.

The scene in and around Doncaster Station on St. Leger Day is fully as striking in its way as anything to be witnessed at the same time at the racecourse on the Town Moor. Picture to yourself some hundred and thirty complete trains drawn up in batches, the larger of forty or fifty, the smaller of ten or less, in the spacious siding areas that adjoin the station premises on every side. Imagine that among this congregation of trains are representatives of the rolling-stock not only of the



DONCASTER STATION IN 1849.

Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News."

Great Northern Company, which owns Doncaster Station, and of the Great Eastern, North-Eastern, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Companies, which have running rights into it, but also of such great foreign powers as the London and North-Western and the Midland, not to speak of minor corporations like the North Staffordshire and the Hull and Barnsley. The locomotives and coaches which make up the trains are of every class, of every pattern, and almost of every date. Some of the splendid express engines—notably the Doncaster "natives," as they may be called, the "simple two-cylinder" locomotives, with driving-wheels seven and a-half or eight feet in diameter, for which the Great Northern shops are famous—can compete in beauty and symmetry with any racehorse on the course. Others of antiquated design and ungainly appearance proclaim themselves old-stagers pressed into the service to meet an urgent demand for additional stock. Among the carriages there is even greater variety to be seen—luxurious drawing-room cars, chartered perhaps by a country-house party from Leicestershire or an officers' party from York, and in which smart lackeys are already preparing afternoon tea; roomy if less finely furnished "third" saloons, which have brought a publican and his pals from Birmingham or Bradford; long trains of "thirds," some cushioned and lofty, others low-roofed and bare, all dirty and paper-strewn, in which mill-hands have come from Lancashire, pit-lads from Durham, cockneys from London, or clodhoppers from the Eastern counties. Every engine carries in front of it—tied round its neck, as it were—a large placard announcing the time of its train's departure, and the stations for which it is bound; every brake-van has a similar placard at its rear, while smaller labels bearing the names of places decorate the windows of every compartment. Read some of these labels at random and you see from what widely distant points some of these trains have converged. Barrow-in-Furness, Bridlington, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Norwich, Chester, Colchester, Liverpool, Leicester, Leeds, London—from all these places, and many more as far apart, one or a dozen of these trains have started this morning, and towards these widely separated points they will presently again deploy on their homeward course. In almost every case, too, this course will be a fairly direct one. At no place in the kingdom, probably, could the trains from many railway systems congregate more conveniently than at Doncaster; for, besides the Great Northern main line running north and south of it, no less than six other lines converge directly on to this Yorkshire town.

There is another circumstance, equally fortuitous, but even more convenient, which makes Doncaster the most suitable place in the kingdom for such a concentration of excursion traffic as a great popular race-meeting attracts. At a Great Northern half-yearly meeting, once, a shareholder—a Doncaster man—waxed indignant because a guide-book had described his native place as "famous for its races, but of no importance otherwise"; for not only had the writer ignored the celebrated "Doncaster butterscotch," but he seemed never to have heard of the Great Northern Locomotive and Plant Works, which have been the making of the town as it is now. In connection with these works the Great Northern shareholders have erected a church and schools, and, what is more important in the present connection, the company has laid down several acres of sidings in which engines and carriages may stand to wait their turn for repairs. Add to this fact another, namely, that at Doncaster is the chief marshalling ground for the trains of coal-wagons on their way to and from the adjacent South Yorkshire

Collieries, and you can understand how it comes about that, on St. Leger Day, the Great Northern officials can put away a hundred and thirty "specials" comfortably in the immediate vicinity of the station and still have room for more. Such preparations as are necessary are soon accomplished. All stock that can roll is sent up or down the line to the nearest refuges; hopeless "cripples" are put away in the shops, which are closed for the week; coal and goods trains, to the very last waggon, are sent off to their destinations, and, except for a few hours in the dead of night, no new trains are allowed in to fill their places; a few additional signal-boxes are extemporised, and extra staff of all classes is drafted into the station from others; and thus, at comparatively trifling expense, the Great Northern Railway Company obtains unique accommodation for its race traffic at Doncaster—accommodation far superior to any available at other racing centres, though at many of these sidings have been laid down and platforms erected for the special purpose.

About 4.30 the exodus from the Town Moor to the station commences. Beginning as a stream, it soon swells to a river, and in an hour's time it has covered the station premises like a flood. Dense crowds cover the platforms, but even more heads are moving by foot-bridge, road-bridge, and crossing to the sidings beyond. You must understand that, thanks to the spacious siding room and the excellence of the approaches thereto, it is not necessary to bring many of the "specials" alongside a platform at all. On arrival, the passengers have alighted direct from the foot-board to the "ballast"; now, guided by placards and hand-bills of instructions, they make their way back again to the same sidings, to find their train waiting where they left it, or, at any rate, very near at hand. Up they get on to the foot-boards again, guards and porters assisting the less agile; as fast almost as the folk arrive they are entrained; there is no crowding and very little bustle or confusion, much less so here than on the platforms, where, of course, one train has to be moved out before the loading of another can begin. Between 5.30 and 7.30 the trains are despatched from platform and siding at the rate of one a minute, and by 8 o'clock it is difficult to realise that some sixty thousand excursionists have come and gone. Some idea of the amount of organisation and attention to detail involved in these railway arrangements may be gathered from the fact that the special working time-table, prepared by Mr. J. Alexander, the Great Northern traffic superintendent, and issued to every person in any way connected with the working of the trains, is a volume of no less than forty-seven closely printed folio pages.—C. H. G.

SOME OLD POTTERY.

In the progress of excavations for building, drainage, or other purposes, we can often read in the soil, as clearly as in any written document, the story of the growth and vicissitudes, the destructions and renovations, of our old English towns. Cambridge has been continuously inhabited since the time of the Romans, at any rate, and here are some examples of Roman and mediæval pottery from the collection of Mr. Sidney James Freeman, who obtained them from various localities near the town. It is a good illustration of the kind of evidence which is generally forthcoming wherever there is a careful observer at hand to



ANCIENT ROMAN POTTERY DISCOVERED AT CAMBRIDGE.

record it. The vessels are chiefly Roman, except No. 5 on the second shelf (counting from the left hand), which is mediæval, from the King's Ditch, near Jesus Lane, and perhaps No. 2, which is from close to the margin of the same ditch in the same locality. They are usefully grouped with the Roman vessels, to enable one to notice the persistence of similar types of common ware from Roman to mediæval times. There are some fine examples of the drinking-vessels with the pinched sides, which make them so easy to hold, in No. 4 of shelf 1, No. 1 of shelf 2, and Nos. 3 and 7 of shelf 3.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

So far as the Association game is concerned the football season is now well under way. Indeed, the League clubs have all made one or more appearances in the field, and presently we shall have form well weighed up—which is to say, that all our best-laid predictions will be ganging agley.

It is, of course, difficult to speak at this early date, but everything would appear to point to continued success for the Aston Villa F. C. The League champions of 1895-6 have retained all the players worth keeping, and they have introduced, as I pointed out last week, at least a couple of men worth having.

West Bromwich Albion are determined to make a huge effort this season. The Throstles, as everybody knows, came badly out of the 1895-6 ordeal, but I doubt whether anybody could give a satisfactory reason. The weakness was supposed to be in the forwards, where Bissett and McLeod had to be called upon for an abnormal amount of work, but I am convinced that the Albion forwards were at least as good as those of many another club which met with far greater success.

West Bromwich have, in the natural order of things, gone in for fresh purchases, and I think the best of them is Watson, an outside-left from Sheffield United. Ever since Geddes left to join Millwall Athletic, the Albion have not been able to satisfy themselves in this position, but my judgment will be sadly at fault if Watson do not prove the man for their money. Indeed, I cannot understand the policy of Sheffield United in parting with so brilliant a player. Watson has yet to make his name, but as to his ability there can be no question. Law, the Millwall goalkeeper, understudies Reader here, but, although he did good work for the Londoners, I shall be greatly surprised if Reader is not found engaged in a large majority of the matches. It was a happy augury that West Bromwich should have won their first match—and away too!

The Blackburn Rovers had rather a chequered career last season, and it cannot be said that their prospects for this season are any better, the great trouble being in the forward rank. Their defeat by West Bromwich was a bitter blow. On the other hand, Everton are likely to prove weak in defence. Southerners know Private Menham, the goalkeeper, and Sergeant Barker, the full-back, to be good men; but there is a vast difference between military and League football.

Notts Forest have lost one or two good men, but, on the other hand, they have secured the brothers Arthur and Adrian Capes, the latter of whom is undoubtedly one of the finest centre-forwards in the kingdom. They come from the Burton Wanderers, which club fared so well in the Second Division last season.

Sunderland, who, as is well known, are now without the ministering care of the champion secretary, Tom Watson, have lost Miller, the forward, which is a more important circumstance. Miller is probably the finest inside-forward playing football, and the only man who can hold a candle to him is Bell, of Everton. Miller and Bell both combine pace with trickiness and physique. I think Sunderland will never be the team they were, and their early overthrow by Bury augurs badly. The club has been made into a limited liability company, but I do not anticipate great profits.

Liverpool have made very few changes, and the side at the top of the Second Division last year will probably enjoy a good time in the First. Sheffield Wednesday have all the old hands available, but Sheffield United have gone in for chops and changes, the value of which has yet to be discovered. Liverpool probably exceeded their wildest hopes when they conquered the Wednesday at Sheffield the other day.

A great deal of anxiety will centre in the doings of the Wolverhampton Wanderers. It is true the Wolves managed to run up for the English Cup last year, but the side was not a strong one, a fact clearly gauged from the League performances. No new player of any note has been engaged—a remark that may be extended to the Bolton Wanderers, Preston North End, and Burnley. Wolverhampton opened the season with a victory over Derby County, which is quite good enough to go on with.

ATHLETICS.

This is the shield which Mappin and Webb made to the order of the Duke of Connaught for the inter-regimental cross-country competition at Aldershot. The race is run between teams composed of two officers, eight sergeants, and four sections, each of twenty men, and the obstacles in the one-mile course consist of three vaulting-rails, three jumping-rails, a ditch, and a fortified hill. The winning team was from the 4th King's Royal Rifles.



INTER-REGIMENTAL CROSS-COUNTRY
COMPETITION SHIELD.

CRICKET.

The cricket season is at an end. I sincerely trust that before the next is upon us something will have been done to improve the method of deciding the county championship. It is only reasonable to suppose that, with no Australian team to upset our programme next year, the counties will play a more uniform number of matches, for until this be done there will be possibilities of awkwardness.

I don't know that we have much cause to grumble at the visit of the Australian cricketers. The side has proved itself a worthy one—a very worthy one, and it introduced much extra excitement. I can forgive them all their assaults upon our counties when remembering that England won the rubber match. I do not consider the Colonials quite so good as the best eleven to be sent forth by the Mother Country, but cricket is so uncertain a game and the Australians were so dangerous a set that the slightest bit of extra luck might have given the match to the visitors, who would then have accomplished what no Australian team ever did accomplish in this country. . . .

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

The St. Leger reads in the light of a good thing for Persimmon, and Labrador may get a place. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's action in scratching St. Frusquin has been much criticised, and it is possible the action was premature, seeing how good the going has been of late. But St. Frusquin may have become a bit stale, and required letting down. The colt has several valuable engagements before him this year.

Very little genuine betting will be forthcoming on the autumn handicaps until two or three weeks have passed. The early transactions on those races always emanate from the Continental list men who employ agents to do the levelling-up business in the London clubs. I hear of one or two horses that may be backed for the Cesarewitch; but owners' intentions are not made known as yet, and it is the practice nowadays, when a big coup is intended, to wait and let the public find one or two false favourites. The Manton bet is certain to be followed by students of racing history on the day of the race for the Cesarewitch.

Probably of all races backers have to deal with, they dislike the nursery handicap most. An ordinary handicap, made by a 'cute judge of form, is bad enough, but one where only nervous two-year-olds are weighted is rendered bad for speculation by many reasons. A good number of the horses are "green"—some more so than others—and are consequently liable to run their races in snatches, and thereby not show of what they are capable. Then at the post they are apt to be more fractious than those used to the business, and as a natural consequence those that are quiet get upset and fretful through the misbehaviour of their companions. Many a horse that starts in a nursery handicap has been out before on a "blinding" errand; it has run when fat, and thus "readier" for one of these races, in which it gets less weight than its true form when fit warrants. These causes alone render this kind of race delicate to reckon up, and when to these the large dimensions to which the fields often reach is added, it will readily be seen how much more difficult the backer's task is. Many punters leave them severely alone, and they are wise in their generation, but the temptation of the long odds generally offered is too much for the majority.

Not many meetings are so blessed with Stewards as is the forthcoming reunion at Lanark at the end of September, over the fortunes of which gathering no fewer than eighteen gentlemen are set down to preside. Of these eighteen only four take any active interest in horse-racing. The Duke of Montrose has one or two jumpers or flat-racers in training, but the best horse he has owned recently was old Hiatus, the grey lepper, which he sold last National Hunt season. Arthur Nightingall rides for the Duke whenever possible. Neither the Earls of Haddington, Howe, and Hopetoun, nor Lords Belhaven and Stenton, Lamington, and Hamilton of Dalziel are actively engaged in turf pursuits; in fact, neither of them have colours registered. Then, of the baronets who figure in the list, only Sir W. C. Anstruther and Sir Samuel Lockhart are owners, neither Sir W. M. Scott, Sir E. Colebrooke, nor Sir W. W. Hozier figuring in Weatherby's list of owners with declared colours. Of the rest Major Robertson-Aikman will readily be brought to mind as a gentleman who keeps a few horses in training in the North of England, but Mr. J. C. Hope Vere, Mr. J. Hozier, Captain Colt, and Mr. J. Monteith are comparatively unknown to racegoers. If they all turn up, then things should be pretty straight at Lanark.

The advertising tipster is a wonderful personage. Sometimes he springs from the gutter, and when business in his new line is slack he immediately finds his level. One of the leather-lunged members of the fraternity just now can be seen any day during the winter months hawking penny goods in the City. Only a few days back a correspondent wrote me saying that he was formerly a gentleman's servant, and being advised by the butler to start a tipping business, he commenced advertising in the year Old Joe won the Grand National; but the "spec." was a disastrous one, as the tips given publicly never came off, and my correspondent laments that he is now reduced to selling shoe-laces in the streets. Perhaps he backed his own tips—a very bad plan, by-the-bye.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

From London to Berlin is a far cry, and yet the whirling wheel is the fashionable fad at the moment in both capitals. On this page I reproduce a photograph of the familiar sight in Hyde Park, and one of the Villenhalensee in the Thiergarten of Berlin, from which you will see that the Prussian is as enthusiastic a cyclist as anybody. All over Germany, in fact, the safety is to be seen spinning merrily along. Thousands of soldiers have got them. Such military men as carry their swords constantly, as some cavalry regiments apparently do, have an arrangement by which they affix that formidable weapon in front of the machine. Then, at all the restaurants that have seats on the pavement you find racks on which the wheelmen stack their cycles.

And the cycle is rapidly spreading in every possible direction of articles that are made in Germany. For instance, I saw in a Munich shop the other day a tie-pin which well deserved the title "sensationelle." It showed a youth mounted on a cycle, pedalling with all his might, while the wheel revolved—I can't say exactly how—at a tremendous rate. "Der kleinste Radfahrer der Welt," as this mannikin is called, costs about eighteenpence. In every conceivable form of art you see the bicycle utilised, the bronze-worker and the aluminium-modeller using it continually. I saw an aluminium group in which was shown the somewhat anachronous aspect of a rider crowned with a wreath of laurels, just as if he were a classic figure, instead of a very practical Deutscher of to-day. For there is something even yet very unpoetical about the cycle, although the day may not be far off when some sculptor will fashion a wheeling hero, mounted on a bicycle, cut in marble, life-size. Seeing that the cycle has come into extensive use in the Army, a future generation may expect

to find some distinguished General on a "bike" perched on one of the pedestals in Trafalgar Square, just as we see warriors mounted on magnificent champing steeds. The oil-painter also has now to face the problem of the bicycle. An artist named Stam is exhibiting at this moment in the Crystal Palace at Munich an exceedingly clever portrait of a little girl cyclist. She is dressed in the delightful costume which, you may remember, was worn by Hilda Wangel in "The Master



CYCLING IN HYDE PARK.

Photo by C. F. Bowden, Lordship Lane, S.E.

Builder"—a blue serge gown and a very saucy 'Tam o' Shanter—and she is leaning gracefully on the wheel, just as the artists of a bygone day made our mothers and our aunts pose proudly on horseback in a ridiculous



THE VILLENHALENSSEE IN THE THIERGARTEN OF BERLIN.—J. AKERMARK.

habit and a huge top-hat. These articles of apparel, you will notice, are the exact reverse in the matter of length and height of the attire of the wheelwomen of to-day.

Much as all cyclists admire T. A. Edge's pluck, perseverance, and determination in covering a thousand miles in four days, nine hours, and nineteen minutes, and thus beating the world's record by fourteen hours, it must be admitted that the inhabitants of certain country villages had cause for complaint when lately they wrote indignant letters to the newspapers in order to point out that "scorching" through their streets was a dangerous practice. The everyday rural townlet is extraordinarily prolific of children, and a pair of pace-makers, followed by a "record-beater," are not the sort of journeymen that pass along every day. Consequently, urchins are apt to stand open-eyed and open-mouthed in the middle of the road, too much surprised and interested to run away, perhaps too much alarmed to move. Should a fatal or even a serious accident be brought about by a "record-breaking" cyclist, further attempts to break such records would probably themselves be broken by the police. Therefore, on ground of prudence and policy, as well as upon that of humanity, let me beg of road-scorchers to slacken their pace considerably on entering villages.

Erroneous opinions of machines are often formed by persons who mount first a cycle built by A., and geared, say, to sixty, then one made by B., but geared only to fifty-five, or, on the contrary, geared up to sixty-five or seventy, let us suppose. "Oh!" exclaims the novice, "this A. machine works much more easily than the B. one," and thereupon his hearers decide upon buying an A. machine in preference to a B. In order to form an unbiassed opinion, the rider should bestride first a machine made by A., then one made by B.; but the gearing of each machine should be similar, and the two bicycles ought to be given their trial spin over the same strip of ground, and be ridden by one and the same person, the one soon after the other.

Miss Charlotte Smith, President of the Women's Rescue League in Washington, U.S.A., is still lashing herself into a fury on the "bicycle immorality" question. "Wicked women," she says, "have taken up the bicycle fad not only as a means of enjoyment, but for utilitarian purposes." Thereupon her wrathful opponents come down upon her with a storm of platitudes. "If bicycling is healthful it is moral," "vicious persons will be vicious anywhere," "to the pure all things are pure." Some of their remarks are pure nonsense. "Many women would never have fallen had they not mounted the bicycle." Obviously. A staunch upholder of wheeling declares that "woman's narrow, petty, unhealthy mode of life has made her a bundle of irresponsible nerves, and to-day nothing is doing so much to give her a strong physique and steady nerves as is the freer, fuller life that she is beginning to enjoy, and into this free and full life there enters nothing better than bicycling." He adds that "the wheel has come to solidify woman's erstwhile flabby muscle, and to tone up her shattered nervous system." Did anybody say "Rats!"?

In a recent number of the *Hub* I read of the latest American invention for utilising bicycles, namely, a baby-carriage attachment, to enable the nursemaid to enjoy the healthy recreation while at the same time taking her youthful charge for an airing, instead of laboriously pushing the perambulator or mail-cart herself. The baby-carriage, which is a luxurious bassinette on tyres, is fixed to the back wheel of the "bike," and can be detached at pleasure, and the machine used as an ordinary bicycle. I should fear that this additional weight would render the work somewhat heavy; but why not have a tandem arrangement? Tommy Atkins could then make himself useful by assisting "Mary," and what fond mamma could find fault when she saw her first-born being driven through the leafy lanes by a coachman in the Queen's livery?

The wheel is not beneath the dignity of the Episcopal Bench. The eloquent and energetic Bishop of Ripon has now joined the goodly fellowship of cyclists, and may be seen almost daily taking his spin along one or other of the excellent roads around his cathedral city. He was at one time a great walker, but now finds that he can obtain the necessary amount of exercise on the wheel without taking up so much of his valuable time. The Dean of Ripon and Archdeacon Waugh are also wheelmen, the latter having taken to the cycle some time ago.

Sir Francis and Lady Jeune have recently undertaken a very extensive tour on wheels. They rode all the way from their home in Berkshire to Braban Castle, on a visit to Julia Marchioness of Tweeddale, in the North of Scotland, which must have proved a most welcome relaxation to the President of the Divorce Court after his prolonged labours on the Judicial Bench. I hear that the Duke of York often mounts a Beeston Humber fitted with the Simpson lever-chain.

Little Michael was married a few months ago to a pretty little girl, half French and half Welsh, with large brown eyes. She was just behind me as I sat next to Mr. Simpson last spring at the Agricultural Hall, watching her fiancé flying round the track with the Simpson chain in one of his great races. She had come from France in order to witness the race, and sat beside her mother, eager with expectation. I thought what a youthful pair they looked, both still in their teens.

They say that Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who long withheld her patronage of the wheel, now finds that it restores and refreshes her more than anything after a fatiguing night at the theatre.

Formerly, marriages were said to be made in Heaven. Rumour has it that half the marriages are now made on wheels.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

In spite of the perfidious kindness of the weather, the London theatrical season has never really ended. In the hope of ensnaring the guileless countryman or the tolerant American, half the important theatres have remained open. The perennial popularity of Mr. Wilson Barrett's Early Christian melodrama threatens to divide the honours of longevity with the "eternal masculine," "Charley's Aunt"; the Adelphi has blazed out into a sudden—not to say Soudan—splendour, and musical comedy rages furiously at many theatres.

This last form of entertainment bids fair to be slain by its own too great popularity. It has sprung into existence in a few years, and already it has acquired a convention of its own, almost as rigid as that which once ruled French light opera, or that which now governs Christmas pantomimes. The musical comedy has to be in two acts; it must change its scene and costumes for the second act; it must be completely "up to date," and must introduce soldiers or sailors or niggers, or some salient feature of the kind; it must, as a rule, bring in music-hall or burlesque "artists"—though I hardly know why one should make the distinction—and latterly, conspicuous success seems contingent on the introduction of some "freak," say, of a person with a deficiency in stature or an apparent absence of bone.

Failing such special charms, the only hope of salvation of the "musical comedy," now that the ruck of managers and writers has fairly plunged into it like Panurge's sheep, is to develop into something else—either to grow out on the dramatic side and become vaudeville or comedy with incidental music, or to strengthen the musical element and become light opera. Both of these paths are being attempted. The operative direction will be the more successful, as it needs little wit to forecast. For, undoubtedly, though good music cannot save feeble dialogue and a lack of situation, yet the plot may be of the simplest, and the situations of the most familiar, so long as there is plenty of brightness and the action does not flag. Comic opera was killed through the weakness of its libretti—largely taken from the French. Why should not English writers and composers follow in the direction indicated by the phenomenal—though in part accidental—success of "Dorothy"?

Or why should our managers not learn a little wisdom, or even common sense, from the unvarying course of history, and prove themselves rather men than sheep? When a particular style of piece makes a great success, then is the time to try something else, not to follow slavishly in a worn path. It is all "Shop-Girls" now; soon it will be all "Geishas." And this is bad for trade. For a man can well go to one romantic comedy opera, one extravaganza, one burlesque, one "variety" musical comedy, and one vaudeville, but hardly to half-a-dozen of each kind.

Then, too, some important branches of the drama might remain in the hands of known and responsible managers, instead of being abandoned to the hands of syndicates. I believe that the dramatic syndicate which has made money—or, having made any, has kept it—is unknown, unless it confined its operations to backing a competent man. Generally one plausible person with experience meets certain youths with money or expectations that can be discounted. Of such is the syndicate: a trayful of "mugs" and the one thirsty expert who is determined to drain them before he lets them pass. Salaries, rent, mounting, are alike on a magnificent scale; the larger the expenditure, the larger the proportion that may disappear unnoticed. Failure is denied, and enthusiastic audiences are brought in on a paper basis as long as the faithful goslings are capable of laying any golden eggs. We have seen such records occasionally brought into the light of the Law Courts, and noted with astonishment how the unexampled successes of season after season were but the froth from the series of "mugs" drained by the expert. And yet new fools spring up, like hardy annuals, and no enterprising gentleman, not actually in Holloway, need despair of finding backers.

There are honest syndicates—honest all through—just as there are honest bankrupts in plenty. The two classes generally mingle in the end, for honesty and inexperience go together with too great frequency. The stage is a business, and must be learnt by a long and hard apprenticeship. Some never can learn it at all; others learn only one part of it. Yet, in one of the most baffling of businesses it seems as if most men believe themselves born experts. The man with some critical taste or an artistic turn fearlessly embarks on a complex business enterprise; the man who has any business success and power thinks that he can write a piece as he would a cheque, judge of the merits of actors as he would taste wines (*that*, too, is a rare gift), and float a poor play into public favour as he might a shaky company.

But for all this the public is partly to blame. Success or failure is often a matter of chance; not that the public taste is usually bad and wrong, but that the public needs to be aroused, spurred, hit in the eye, possibly by the very worst thing in a play, before it will look at the good. So a good piece that does not hit anybody in the eye may languish and eventually die. Were not "Pinafore," and "Dorothy," and "The Private Secretary" very near being failures? Now, if we had a systematised division of labour between responsible and well-supported managers, authors would not need to hit people in the eye with a sensation in order to collect an audience.

MARMITON.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FACTS ABOUT FRILLS.

Volumes might be written on the humours of the silk petticoat in the country, and the obvious necessity its use entails of masculine attendants for its safe transit over stiles and hedges. I can condense some very comic recent experiences into a few remarks, however, one of which is that the secret of a successful appearance lies mainly in the suitability of our garments, and, having disposed of this well-worn truism, will proceed to pray of all women contemplating a stay in the country to



[Copyright.]

THE LAST CRY AT OSTEND.

hold rigidly to an out-of-door *régime* of knickerbockers. Silken petticoats and dainty muslin, lace be-trimmed skirts are all that is of the most charming on well-kept streets or trimly shaven lawns—of course, I here speak from the outdoor point of view—but flowing skirts are the very acme of clinging cussedness, to be unparliamentary but literal, on field, moor, rugged country road, or hillside. As for stiles, they are not to be considered for a moment; and, as such stubborn facts really exist, and have, furthermore, on occasion, to be got over, it behoves lovely woman to frock herself accordingly. Only last week I was staying in a Welsh country-house with moors and stiles plentifully adjacent, and it would have been pathetic, if it had not been convulsing, to see how some of the be-frilled girls of our party took their fences. Of course, we sent the men on in advance, but they all gave way to that weakness which is scripturally attributed to Lot's wife, while there was great rending and tearing of flounces and tag-ends of lace in all directions. Decidedly, if it is against a young woman's inclination to wear the safe and smart knickerbockers of satin, tweed, or mohair, so it ought also to be against her inclination to venture over moor or barred gate. Thanks to the wise ways of cycling, however, this prejudice is dying the death, for the most unreasoning will grant that any other garment is impossible beneath one's skirt for this form of exercise. Apropos of bicycles and bicycling, I heard a charming story lately concerning a little boy who asked his mother if she thought the clergyman really preached sermons about biking now. "No, why?" was the rather startled answer. "Oh, I thought perhaps he did, because Bridget said the text on Sunday was, 'Blessed are the pace-makers.'" A dark-red serge, with short divided skirt, and short, full-basqued coat, turned back with black suède, would make a most alluring autumn cycling-gown, and I have seen narrow bands of golden otter trim a light tan-face cloth most triumphantly, all shades of red and brown being a forthcoming change in fashion's venue.

China crêpe, always deliciously soft, warm, and light, is the material in this smart outdoor gown which I have had reproduced for the public good this week. It is a rich dark crimson, one of the colours in which crêpe looks its best. This skirt, gathered loosely over silk of darker

shade at both front and sides, and an apron arrangement—now quite a vogue in Paris—is trimmed with black Chantilly insertion, headed with a ruching of black mousseline de soie. This style of trimming runs up on the left side almost to the hips, where it meets another of the same kind starting from the waist, forming a lozenge pattern. The bodice I think quite fascinating, being of black mousseline de soie gathered thickly, and over it a bolero of the red China crêpe, lined, forming a point in front, and showing under the arms a chemisette of the black mousseline. It is trimmed to match the skirt, a broad waistband of black satin ribbon finishing one of the smartest possible afternoon-gowns for hotel or house party.

My second figure introduces very successfully the art of the breakfast-gown, which is too little understood of us in this country, though we certainly have unbent to the graces of lawn and muslin in other matters of the toilet of late years. I contend, however, that a woman, be she pretty or plain, should unfailingly own a couple of pretty matinées in her répertoire, and introduce this dainty young lady as a plea for my contention as well as a protest against tailor-mades of a morning. The material is a silk-faced, pale-blue flannel, with crossed lines of palest green. A check pattern of white threads on royal éru lawn forms panels through, while the lining of pale-blue taffetas shows up. A gathered flounce of pale-blue taffetas is covered with another of plain lawn edged with fine Mechlin lace. At the waist groups of small pleats appear daintily on the skirt, the bodice being gathered in front and at back to correspond, while a similar treatment of embroidery is further rendered doubly effective by little frillings of lace over plain lawn as additional decoration. This forms a point at waist and epaulettes at the shoulders. As for the sleeves, they are like all others, moderate in size and plain from elbow to wrist. A pretty neck-trimming of sky-blue moiré is surmounted by a gather of lace and fastens behind with a ribbon bow, a broad blue moiré waistband, tied at the left side and hanging in long ends to the end of skirt, forming a most seductive panoply of wear for the ordinarily neglected breakfast-table.

As an exceedingly toothsome addition to the same meal, though of a somewhat different order, I may mention roast fillets of snipe, a method of preparation which I greatly appreciated during a recent visit. The birds to be plucked, singed, but not drawn, each one rolled in buttered



[Copyright.]

AN ENGAGING MATINÉE.

paper and half roasted. Then cut off both legs and backs, carefully keeping the trails. Legs and all etceteras are then consigned to a saucepan for stewing with a little good stock. Have ready as many sippets of neatly trimmed bread as there are fillets. Fry the bread a golden brown in butter, spread the trails over toast, pepper and salt each. Next place each breast of snipe on its piece of toast, with a few strips of fat bacon over each bird, and roast before a sharp, clear fire, basting

meanwhile with butter. Serve as hot as fingers will hold in a bed of crisp, browned bread-crumbs. The gravy strained from the bones may be served in a little silver sauce-boat, as some few people like gravy at breakfast. The dish is an excellent one. I recommend it to all who wish to improve on the ordinary well-worn menu of kidneys, bacon, ham, and "sich like." Mushrooms are also a most successful adjunct to all and sundry breakfast-dishes, and this has been a wonderful year for them. In fact, when I remember the absurdly low prices at which I have seen them displayed at various country towns lately, I burn with unmitigated wrath at the covetous London greengrocer who placidly labels them 1s. 3d. a pound in his unblushing shop-window.

At Ostend it has been the fashion this year to frequent the Casino after dinner in the smartest of smart evening-capes, and, with a view to the approaching theatre season, I add a description of one bought in Paris for that frivolous purpose by a rich American acquaintance. Rouff is responsible for it, at I forget how many hundred francs, so it is worth detailing. White satin covered with three fully gathered flounces of white mousseline de soie, which are severally edged with satin and covered with exquisite black Chantilly of the same width. At the top is a yoke which leaves shoulders quite free. It forms four indentations in front and two behind, and is covered with transparent cream mousseline de soie overlaid with lace and jet and jewelled embroidery. A garland of white poppy-leaves, intermixed with ruchings of Chantilly embroidered in dewdrops of fine paste, runs round this yoke, while a high collar of white satin, split up behind and embroidered in paste and jet sequins, has silk poppy-leaves attached to its inner side, a wide bow of white satin ribbon, with forked ends, tying this gay and costly creation together. That idea of showing the shoulders through a veil of muslin is very French, not to say chilly; but arranging a yoke I saw of pale pink velvet underneath, while carrying out the idea, would be greatly more comfortable.

SYBIL.

CELEBRITIES' CLOTHES.

A lofty room, with cosy window-seats, displaying to the full the beauty of their tapestry coverings; photographs and flowers everywhere, and just a few carefully chosen pictures, against tender yellow paper all strewn with tea-roses; in one corner, near the window, a great cage filled with tiny, twittering birds, and then, in a high-backed chair, a lovely woman, with bronze-gold hair, and surely the most perfect complexion in the world, her dress of grass-lawn, brightened by line-stripes of vivid green, divided by narrow insertions of lace; the bodice a foam of diminutive lace-edged frills, and then green satin at the neck as a background for a string of pearls, and at the waist for a diamond buckle. Crowning that glorious hair a Leghorn hat, with a carelessly waved brim lined with black, while high bows of black glacé silk, some black and white plumes, and one long spray of full-blown pink roses were gathered together for its adornment.

Add an extremely diminutive Yorkshire toy-terrier curled up at his mistress's feet, and you have, complete, the very charming living picture which awaited me when I called on Miss Ethel Matthews to have a chat about her clothes.

I found her absolutely devoted to black, and, indeed, nothing could set off to better advantage her own dazzling colouring, while for evening wear she generally introduces a combination of white with excellent effect, though sometimes she indulges for exchange in pure white.

For instance, one lovely evening-gown has a skirt of white moiré, with a lining of most vividly beautiful green to flash out unawares now and again, while the draped bodice is of crêpe de Chine, banded in at the waist with white satin, and having, moreover, a little vest of gathered tulle, while it boasts of sundry turquoise buttons, their blue loveliness set round with flashing diamonds. The long, closely fitting sleeves are of lovely old lace—unlined, of course—while at the shoulders come voluminous frills of white tulle, for Miss Matthews strongly disapproves of flat sleeves, and affirms that they exercise a depressing influence upon the average woman.

Still again, another dress is of black moiré brocaded with giant tulips, grouped together with a grace Nature herself might envy, while the accompanying bodice is of softly gathered black tulle with a cleverly arranged drapery of silver tissue, its brilliance subdued by a raised design in black chenille. Once more the sleeves are quite tight till the shoulders are reached, and then they break out into foamy frills of tulle, alternately black and white, but in this case they are fashioned of black tulle, sprinkled lightly over with flashing diamonds. The effect is lovely, as you can well imagine, especially when there is added a theatre-cape of black-and-white striped silk, with a chiné design of blue and pink and yellow frills and foamy bordering frills of black-and-white chiffon, while inside the voluminous neck-ruffle comes a foam of blue chiffon, all this soft loveliness being held together in front by a big white satin bow.

And in view of the specially becoming effect of the cape, Miss Matthews has to own to a weakness for blue.

The only evening-dress in which she has omitted a touch of colour is that one of which I caught the first glimpse at the Comedy the other night. A closer inspection revealed the fact that it is of white soie de Chine, the tiny frills on skirt and bodice edged with triple rows of black velvet baby ribbon, while the deep silken ceinture begins its career in deepest, rosiest red, which eventually fades away into a delicate shell-pink.

But Miss Matthews has chosen black entirely, unrelieved by any touch of colour, for a new autumn gown, which arrived from Paris just in time to be sketched for your edification and example. A beautiful silk

and wool canvas is the fabric, its open meshes showing the gleam of the silk beneath, and the only skirt-trimming being a moderately broad band of plain satin at the hem. It has a bodice of black glacé silk, with a design of pin-spots and groups of line-stripes, the sleeves slightly puffed at the top and then gathered to the wrist, where their career ends in a tiny pleated frill, while across the front of the full corsage is a broad band of grass-lawn embroidery. Over this is worn a sleeveless coat, which is the perfection of smartness, with its loose fronts and its short, full basques held out at the back by a voluminous inner frill of pleated silk, while a great triple collar, also of accordion-kilted glacé silk—plain in this case—falls over the shoulders. The toque destined to accompany this ideal autumn costume is of black and white and yellow broché velvet, and an encircling drapery of black tulle, held in at the front by a huge steel buckle, and at the side by a group of black feathers and a black and white osprey.

And these and many other lovely things have their abode in a room where the prevailing colour is a lovely shade of old-rose, the bed being draped in tent fashion with silken brocade, and the curtains and portières all being to match. A powerful electric-light hangs directly over the



[Copyright.]

MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS' NEW AUTUMN GOWN.

mirror of the huge wardrobe, a position which can be strongly recommended, if you wish to see yourself as others see you at ball or theatre.

In Miss Matthews' case the experience must always be delightfully pleasing.

And now, to peep for a moment into the Criterion, where Miss Eva Moore is wearing some very pretty frocks, and looking delightfully pretty in them as usual. One has a white piqué skirt, and a blouse-bodice of white muslin and lace over apple-green silk, while at waist and neck comes a band of black satin. The costume is completed by a red sunshade and a large white hat trimmed with red velvet and black quills.

A second gown is of pale-pink brocade, with a large pattern of green cherries, the bodice of pink silk, accordion-pleated, and trimmed with shimmering green sequins, while a black picture-hat with an osprey and many shaded roses adds greatly to the effect. And then, once again, the smartness of black and white is exemplified by a tailor-made gown, with narrow stripes in the two colours, while the lining throughout is of vivid red silk.

FLORENCE.

A QUESTION OF TIME.

I kissed her at ten,
For she said that I might—
We were children, when
I kissed her at ten.

It is years since then,
But 'twas only last night
That I kissed her at ten—
For she said that I might. *Life.*

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Sept. 14.

BREWERY INVESTMENTS.

Messrs. W. H. and H. Le May's and Messrs. Manger and Henley's annual circulars on the prospects of the world's hop crop will be read with more than usual interest, because, since this time last year, the number of brewery investments in the hands of the public has largely increased, while the number of investors has increased still more, and so have the market prices of the better-known of these securities. As long as the working-men of England earn large wages, and the licensing laws give existing public-houses a practical monopoly, it is probable that breweries will make good profits, because the immense bulk of the existing public-houses belong to brewers; but it must not be forgotten that the phenomenal earnings of late years, and particularly of 1895, were largely due to the very low prices of barley and hops, and, while Messrs. May's and Messrs. Manger and Henley's circulars show that there is a strong probability of hops being scarce and dear during the coming twelve months, there are also some indications that malt may increase in value. It is clear that a serious rise in the price of wheat is imminent, and it would not be surprising if it were followed by a considerable rise in the price of barley. Of late years the extreme cheapness of wheat has made it a formidable rival of barley in feeding stock, and has tended to depress the price of barley and reduce the area of its cultivation. The number of acres in Great Britain under wheat in 1896 was 276,474 more than the number in 1895, while the area under barley was 61,515 acres less this year than last. We do not profess to be experts in cereals, but certainly the impression left on our mind in all the agricultural districts we have examined is that we have seldom seen better wheat or worse barley. Again, if we turn to foreign supplies, we find that the imports this season have been only 6,020,259 quarters as against 8,256,064 last season.

There is probably no immediate danger of a breakdown in the existing monopoly, created accidentally by our licensing laws, but investors must not presume that this curious monopoly, resting on mere custom and existing with no legal guarantee, can last for ever. The failure of the ill-conceived Local Veto Bill did undoubtedly show that the publican party is politically strong, but its strength must not be overestimated. They had an easy battle to fight. "Confiscation without compensation" is not a bad cry for an election, but the "tied house" system is not loved, and the brewers' monopoly could be easily killed without confiscating a single licence. For instance, by a free licence with high duty Act, providing for the granting of as many licences as were applied for, with a licence duty of £100 a-year. This is practically what is being done now in some of the States of America, and it is hitting breweries very hard.

GRAND CENTRAL MINING COMPANY.

On Aug. 6 was registered the above company, which seems likely to recall public attention to the ancient glories of Mexican mining. It is an offspring of the Exploration Company, which, through the prestige of its connection with New Court, or from some other reason, appears now to get the first offer of all the best things. The capital is only £250,000, and, although there has been no public issue, the shares are quoted firm at $2\frac{1}{2}$ — $\frac{1}{2}$, and are expected to go to 4 by the time the Special Settlement is obtained—about the end of this month. The Directors are Mr. H. Howell Hinds, Captain Mein (late manager of the Robinson Mine, S.A.), T. Matesdorf, V. Broderick Cloete (of the Maxim Gun Company), and Mr. Henry Oppenheim junior.

The Exploration Company only decided to take up the property after exhaustive reports by Mr. John B. Farish, the well-known mining engineer, of Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., and by Mr. Tanning, and, with only thirty stamps running, the production since the property was taken over at the beginning of June is quite remarkable, being, for June, 103,000 dollars, plus 8000 dollars concentrates; for July (during which month the mill was stopped ten days from a boiler accident), 97,000 dollars, plus 14,000 dollars concentrates; and, for the first fourteen days of August, 8400 dollars a-day. We have no definite information since Aug. 14, but we understand that the cablegrams received indicate that the production is increasing rather than decreasing. Mr. Farish's report is of a most exhaustive and elaborate character, and the following brief extract indicates the wonderful richness of one portion of the property, which extends over an area of 238 acres—

This ore body is so opened that its limits can be determined quite accurately. Approximately it is 475 ft. long, by an average of 100 ft. in height and 15 ft. in width. Part of it has been extracted in driving the levels and winzes through it, and in the stope above the third level, but there still remain fully 38,750 tons of an average assay value of six dollars silver and twenty-one dollars gold per ton.

Winze No. 3 from the third level has been sunk 65 ft. Good ore was encountered at a depth of about 40 ft., which has been prospected by the drifts run east and west from the bottom of the winze, as well as by the fourth level. The size of this ore body is still undetermined, for neither its limits in depth nor to the west have been reached.

There is now in sight at this point 23,500 tons of ore assaying eight dollars silver and twenty-seven dollars gold per ton.

In this estimate only such ore as is actually exposed in the openings is included; but as the developments are proceeding in ore, it is evident that the limits of the productive ground have not yet been reached. If the estimate was made to include such additional ground as experience and conservative judgment indicate will produce ore, in accordance with the usual custom of engineers, the reserves would be correspondingly increased.

Other portions of this wonderful property appear to have large quantities of very valuable ore, and, as the mines are equipped with

machinery and are in active work, it is probable that the fortunate shareholders will be in receipt of satisfactory dividends without having to exercise the virtue of patience for any long period.

ECONOMIC BANK.

The advantages offered by the Economic Bank in the way of business were brought very prominently before the City last week, assuming that their system of advertising was carried out generally. Our informant states that his office door was opened, and a couple of brochures thrown in, which enumerated the advantages offered by this institution. Among others, it is stated that—

Absolute safety is secured to clients of the Bank, as all funds are invested under the Trust Act, 1893, and in Colonial Government securities. A list of investments is posted up in the offices of the Company every month.

We are further informed that—

The Bank is free from all commercial banking risks, as no bills are discounted, no loans granted, and no overdraft allowed.

These advantages and safeguards may appeal to timid depositors, but we are somewhat at a loss to discover where the banking profits will result, seeing that they deprive themselves of the recognised channels of remuneration. Being interested to find out what progress has been made under such banking principles since the institution was established in 1893, we have referred to the "London Banking and Kindred Companies." We find therein that the current and deposit account amounted to £12,315 on December 1895, while against this there was cash in hand at bankers, &c., £2592, and investments £10,192, or a surplus of assets over liabilities of £469. We are afraid that a sudden depreciation of investments would leave the shareholders in rather an unenviable position. From the same authority we gather that the Bank has paid no dividends since its inception, and has not been able to institute a reserve fund. So that, after all, it does not seem to be such a tempting medium of investment as it at first sight would appear to be.

THE RAND.

We give herewith a portrait of Mr. George Albu, the chairman of the Meyer and Charlton Gold-Mining Company, Limited, in regard to which we published on the 26th ult. an interesting letter from our South



MR. GEORGE ALBU,
CHAIRMAN MEYER AND CHARLTON GOLD-MINING COMPANY.
Photo by Duffus Brothers, Johannesburg.

African correspondent, who in this issue favours us with a letter on two well-known companies—the Langlaagte Estate and Gold-Mining Company and the Randfontein Estates Gold-Mining Company.

LANGLAAGTE ESTATE.

The Langlaagte Estate has led the way among the low-grade mines of the Witwatersrand as a profit-earning and dividend-paying property. To the end of last financial year it has returned in dividends to its shareholders no less a sum than £1,349,380, representing dividends amounting to 299 per cent. This magnificent return by a company only now in the ninth year of its existence has been made from ore of comparatively low grade, the results being simply the outcome of intelligent, well-directed management. The average yield from all sources for the last three years was as follows: 1893, 9·365 dwt. per ton; 1894, 10·330 dwt.; 1895, 11·383 dwt. In those three years the company paid 30, 45, and 50 per cent. respectively on its large capital, amounting now to £470,000.

Last year the company's accounts actually showed a profit of over half a million sterling, but a large proportion of this was derived from the sale of landed property, the net profits from the mine being slightly under 50 per cent. on the capital. The mining profit was handsome, coming, as it did, from ore worth no more than 11·383 dwt., or £1 18s. 4d., per ton. The average for the whole of the Witwatersrand last year was over 13 dwt., the money value being £2 5s. 4d. per ton. It will thus be seen that the Langlaagte Estate's average for last year, although it represents a considerable advance in the grade of ore over

both 1893 and 1894, is 7s. per ton under the average for the whole fields. Sound economic management enables the company to show excellent results in spite of this heavy handicap.

The company was the first to recognise the necessity of a low-grade proposition, like this, erecting large reduction works, and taking advantage of each new improvement as it should be brought forward. In accordance with this sound policy, the Langlaagte Estate for a considerable period was unique with its large battery of 160 stamps. To-day it is increasing its crushing capacity to 200 stamps, and when the necessary works are completed the company will still have as large a mill as any on these fields. Cyanide plant for the treatment of tailings on a scale to correspond with the size of the battery has long been a feature at this mine, the Langlaagte Estate having been one of the first mines to earn handsome profits by means of the McArthur-Forrest process. Working costs are and have long been unusually low at this mine. Last year the charges for mining, milling, and general administration came only to 16s. 7d. per ton, and last year's rate was fully 1s. over the sum for 1894, on account of the scarcity of native labour. After allowing for cyaniding of tailings, the gross working costs come out at a small fraction over a sovereign per ton, a rate which must be regarded as very low, and is probably the lowest on the fields.

The Langlaagte Estate may be compared, in some respects, with the New Primrose, both having run the same number of stamps for some time past. The latter comes out of the comparison favourably in some ways—for example, with its more efficient battery, which last year got through an average of 5.12 tons of ore per stamp per day, the Crown Reef being highest with 5.13 tons. The Langlaagte Estate average was 4.32 tons, and the average for the entire fields 4.14 tons. The average yield of ore from the battery was—Langlaagte Estate, 7.33 dwt., value 25s. 11d., per ton; New Primrose, 6.79 dwt., value 24s. 5d., per ton; for the whole fields, 8.69 dwt., value 31s. 3d., per ton. The gross yields of the two companies were—Langlaagte Estate, 140,919 oz. from 245,439 tons, value £471,295; New Primrose, 136,720 oz. from 277,600 tons, value £475,793. Each company returned 50 per cent. to its shareholders, the New Primrose on the considerably smaller capital of £280,000.

To complete the comparison, the working costs of the two companies should be placed side by side, but in the case of the New Primrose the accounts for a full year's working with 160 stamps are not yet available. Investors can make the comparison for themselves when the whole data are made public.

RANDFONTEIN ESTATES.

Of a mine like the Langlaagte Estate, situated on the central portion of the Main Reef, it is possible to forecast the future with a close approximation to actual results, the conglomerate beds being so uniform, and the auriferous contents of the ore being so regularly disposed. When one comes to new and comparatively unproved properties, particularly at the eastern and western extremities of the Rand, one may not be so certain about anything. Quite possibly the majority of the properties now engaging so much attention at both extremities of the Rand may turn up trumps, but it is well to regard them with a certain amount of caution till the various reef bodies intersecting them have been properly appraised and identified. The Randfontein people are in no doubt that they have the Main Reef series running through miles of their vast property, but many others doubt the fact. Whatever the reef series, it has been proved over an enormous stretch of country, and further prospecting operations will probably extend the gold-bearing area. Some half-dozen subsidiary companies are now developing and preparing to crush; but, in the event of the reef series being traced over the supposed gold-bearing portion of the estates, there may ultimately be as many as twenty subsidiary mines on this property. This will give the reader some idea of its extent.

With regard to the grade of ore, the mine now known as the Porges Randfontein has been at work for some half-dozen years, and the results have, so far, not been particularly brilliant. Last year, for example, this company, running 60 stamps, crushed 75,465 tons of ore, which yielded 45,132 oz., valued at £160,945. An average of slightly under 12 dwt. per ton—and the year's average has not always been so high—is under the rate for the fields, and it is only possible to make good dividends with this grade of ore by sound management and a large reduction plant. Mr. J. B. Robinson, the chairman, thinks it possible to make a Langlaagte Estate of the Porges Randfontein and several of the other subsidiaries.

WESTRALIA.

One of the illustrations with which we present our readers this week is a reproduction of a photograph of the Exchange at Hannan's,



Kaloorlie, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Herbert Moir, Managing Director of the Hannan's Proprietary Development and associated companies. It represents the building referred to by that gentleman in his report to his shareholders issued on his recent return from the fields. Some time ago it was purchased for £350 cash, and it now brings in a rental of £850 per annum.

A new West Australian mine named the North Star will shortly be

offered to the public. It is located in the Mount Malcolm district, and from all reports, promises to be about the best in that district. Several of the leading mining experts have examined the property, among others Bewick, Moreing, and Co. These well-known mining engineers report as follows—

In nearest shaft to outcrop average over 2 oz. to ton; one sample 4 oz. Dump averages 2 oz. 14 dwt. Abundance fresh water 70 ft. Mining timber ample. Fuel plentiful. Rich pay shoot, probably extending considerable distance, on surface; still richer stone proved in depth. We entertain high opinion of mine. The mine promises well to develop into valuable property.

KOOTENAY COAL.

The announcement that immense deposits of coal have been discovered at Rossland, British Columbia, has not attracted as much attention as it deserves, from the simple reason that people have no idea where Rossland is. We may, therefore, explain that it is seven miles from the Columbia River, in the extreme south of the West Kootenay district, and only a few miles from the northern boundary of Washington Territory, U.S.A. If this discovery is confirmed, it must have great influence on the mining industry throughout West Kootenay.

NEW ISSUES.

The New Zealand Joint Stock and General Corporation, Limited.—An absolute blank cheque to the Associated Gold-Mines of Western Australia group. The New South London.—To be avoided.

Messrs. Frederick C. Matheson and Sons have brought out a very useful series of tables showing all mining dividends, bonuses, and other rights which have been declared in respect of the year 1896. They promise to complete and re-issue them in January 1896, and we would suggest their being issued in book-form.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor." Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

N. G.—By the rules of our correspondence we are not able to answer anonymous communications. Please send us your full name and address, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

SEPTIC.—We have sent the enclosure in your letter to the Chief Constable of the town from which it is dated. It is in all probability a swindle, but it may not be—probably is not—a swindle that can be successfully prosecuted.

H. H.—We should feel inclined to sell both if they were ours. In regard to the first, its capital is so very enormous, and there is such a widespread feeling that the boom is practically over, that we fancy there will be a constant dribble of selling and shrinkage of price. In regard to the latter, if you are one of the little band of heroes who have still the courage to hold American securities, we think it is almost a pity to waste so much good, honest valour on the security you mention, though it, like other Yankee stocks good, bad, and indifferent, will probably improve if Mr. Bryan is beaten handsomely.

J. M.—We have written to you by post.

BENDIGO.—We have written to you by post.

J. D. P.—We gather from the post-mark that your letter dated 29th ult. must really have been written on the 28th. Anyhow, we wrote you a second letter on the 28th, which you ought to have received on the 29th.

E. K.—We consider Bechuanaland Exploration a very fair speculative investment. (2) Randfontein Estates are, in our opinion, good, and likely to increase in value. We think you might fairly regard them as good for a lock-up. (3) If you take our advice you will not touch them, though we may, of course, be wrong.

JOHN.—We think any of the three investments you suggest would suit you fairly well. Of course, none of them are "gilt-edged."

BELLIDIGH.—(1) The price is so low at present that we think you had better await better times. (2) Get out if you can, but we fear there is no market.

WEST.—We still think them a promising speculation; they are quoted daily in the financial papers.

J. A. M. (Demerara).—Your interesting letter about the Demerara Dramatic Societies could hardly have been intended for our department. We have forwarded your letter to the Editor.

BUYER.—(1) Both are considered good, but, in our opinion, the first is rather dear. (2) According to our private advices, Mainland Consols are good and likely to improve in market value. At the same time, considering the area of the property, it is impossible to deny that they are dear.

ANXIOUS.—A company of this kind, resting absolutely on popular taste, is necessarily a highly speculative undertaking, and the history of this particular company clearly shows that it was acquired at too large a price. We are inclined to advise you to cut your loss and get out whenever you have a chance.

W. E. E. R.—(1) Not at the present price. (2) This is the fourth reconstruction of the Glenrock. The company has never done any good hitherto. Some of its properties may one day turn up trumps, but we are not sanguine. (3) Yes, but we cannot give you a list unless you give us some idea as to whether you want gilt-edged securities paying about 4 per cent., second-class investments, or pickings from the "rubbish-heap" for a gamble. (4) Paddington Consols have not yet paid a dividend. The company has not been in existence twelve months, and it will probably be some little time before it is able even to commence crushing. The West Australian Exploring and Finance Corporation, which was registered Sept. 1, 1894, paid on its ordinary shares 35 per cent. for the year ending Nov. 30, 1895.

CANNY-A-WEE.—We never heard of the Protection Society to which you refer, and, as you have not sent the address, it is difficult for us to make more definite inquiries; but we greatly doubt its being what you call "a genuine affair."

H. D. V.—We think both the New Zealand Consolidated and the Consolidated Goldfields of New Zealand are good properties. We thought your first letter related to the latter. We regret our mistake.

EDINBURGH.—We believe the falling off in the dividends of the Edinburgh Street Tramways Company is due to the fact of the Edinburgh Corporation having, under their powers, acquired the most lucrative portions of the company's lines between the years 1894 and 1896.

WELLEN.—We regard with very great suspicion the concern you mention, on account of the reputation of the group who brought it out. You know, of course, who were the people who floated the company about to bring out the other concern you mention. It may be a good horse, but it comes from a very "shy" stable.

PHENUS.—We advise you to have nothing to do with the concern.

H. T. T.—A gigantic company, but we should prefer a good English office ourselves.